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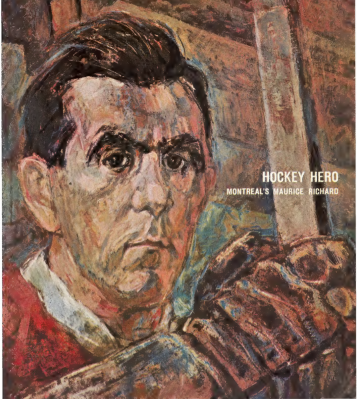
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America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: Maurice Richard ▶

After 18 intense seasons, the superstar of the Montreal Canadiens is a little tired, a little old, but he is still hockey's whirlwind (see page 57).

Painting by Russell Hoban

Next week



▶ Perhaps the greatest of wet fly fishermen was the late James Leisnering. Now Leisnering comes to life in a three-part series about *The Art of Fishing with the Wet Fly*.

▶ From San Francisco's Cow Palace, Jeremiah Tax reports the championship round of college basketball's NCAA tournament, as the last of the 25 top teams is eliminated.

▶ The subject of conservation is not nature, but people. This is the first of a new, progressive approach to a problem overlooking the U.S. The first of a four-part series.

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Garcia y Vega
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MEMO from the publisher

AN ENDURING HONOR to the bonefish is its loyal opposition, a cult of expert salt-water anglers who hold it second to none as a challenge to their skill. Its latest honor is to serve as namesake for a U.S. submarine. Before the newest addition to our submarine fleet was delivered to the Navy, Lieutenant Commander E. H. Kiehl wrote *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "It was with pleasure that I read the article about the bonefish in the Feb. 2, 1955 issue. A commanding officer rarely has the privilege of reading of his ship's namesake in a national magazine."

"The purpose of this letter is to ask for a print, suitable for framing, of the illustration that appeared on pages 56 and 57. It would be given a place of honor aboard the U.S.S. Bonefish."

With even greater pleasure, Artist Jack Kuntz and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* had the privilege of presenting to Commander Kiehl, at delivery ceremonies at the Philadelphia Navy Yard this month, Kuntz's original painting. "It will be a constant challenge to Bonefish," said her skipper, "to live up to the fighting reputation of a fighting fish."

If the bonefish is one of the finest challenges to the salt-water angler

(and to certain submariners), it is also a rewarding one to cooks. Next week's article on food tells how to meet it.

But the classic fresh-water challenge is the trout, which more and more fishermen are taking with the wet fly. As millions of anglers prepare again for the stream, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* next week begins a three-part series on *The Art of Fishing with the Wet Fly*.

An acknowledged master of the art was the late James Leisenring. Vernon S. Hidy, author of the series, came to know that mastery well, learning his lessons at Leisenring's side. Collaborating with Editor Coles



KIEHL AND KUNTZ

Phinizy, Champion Caster Johnny Dieckman and Artist Anthony Ravelli, Hidy in Part I covers the fundamentals of casting and tackle. Following issues take up Leisenring's stream strategy and the tools and methods he used to tie his flies.

The series constitutes a course of instruction that is clear to the novice and refreshing to the expert. As for the authority of its source, Hidy writes: "The only critics Leisenring respected were the trout; the judges whose opinions he valued most were the leaping rainbows and the sullen browns fighting downstream, hook in jaw."

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemai's
HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Would the three-bounce rule make tennis a more interesting game for the spectators?*



GEORGE E. BARNES
*President USLTA
Chicago*

I'm not sure. Changing to the three-bounce rule might make tennis a lulling game. Maybe there are other ways of stimulating more action. Softening the ball could do it. There's also the one-bounce rule which would stop the "kill" after a soft return of a hard serve. We must experiment and study with care.



TONY TRABERT
*Member of
Jack Kramer's
pro group
Cincinnati*

I've played this rule more than the others. It seems too long and drawn out. Two sets against Osborne took two hours. On the other hand, the big complaint has been against the serve, rush and kill. The "no-tally" makes it monotonous. Fellows we are taking show that the majority of spectators still prefer the regular game.

continued

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HOTBOX continued



GGH RUDGE
1937 and 1948 U.S.
champion
New York City

On the contrary, it would ruin tennis. There's nothing wrong with the game that a few good ground strokes couldn't correct. When I played a guy who served and rushed to the net, my first thought was "Wonderful!" The trouble with the top players today is that they have neglected their ground game.



BEVERLY BAKER FLEITE
1968, 1959 U.S.
Wightman Cup team
Long Beach, Calif.

The three-house rule would make tennis dull because it would lose some of its aggression and spark. I saw the pros try the three-house rule. It was good tennis, but only because they were pros, and it wasn't as good as their usual game. Generally, three-house tennis would be like ladies' tennis, which I don't like.



WHITNEY REED
Federation Cup tennis
champion, 1959
San Jose State College

I'll go along with the attempts to make tennis more interesting to the spectators, but the three-house rule isn't the answer. I am against going after the server and penalizing him. If he wants to risk rushing the net, he should be allowed to do so. A better solution would be to lengthen the service time at four feet.



RANCHO GONZALES
World's professional
tennis champion
Los Angeles

No. If the three-house rule is adopted, the majority of spectators will insist that the old game be revived because fast, offensive tennis is the most exciting tennis. The three-house game is longer and duller at times. If they want to slow the game, they can change from grass to a slower, truer bouncing surface.

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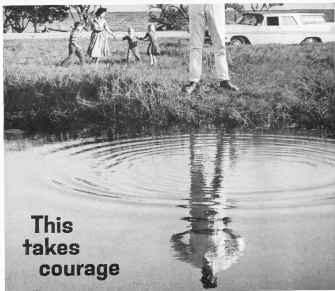
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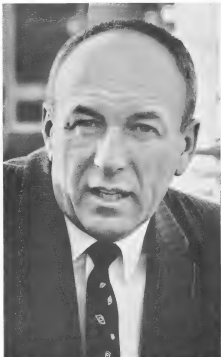
"If the Federal Power Commission or any other government agency is to continue to regulate the price the producer receives for natural gas, it must recognize the serious responsibility it is taking. And must make sure it doesn't destroy the intensive interest in the risk of hunting for gas and oil.

"The chance to make a profit in competition with the next man built the industries that make this nation strong. We ought to be careful how we kick that incentive around."

John Fraser is manager of Union Oil's natural gas operations.

His observations, we think, need no further comment here.

YOUR COMMENT IS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., P.O. Box 1000, Los Angeles 17, California.



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NCAA

The seasons were over and the time for decision approached as the NCAA traveling tournament headed for San Francisco on *page 20*. Defending champion California, Cincinnati and Ohio State, the nation's top three teams, as expected, successfully negotiated early tests to reach the semifinals, but with three more a surprise—NYU, a team that has looked both good and terrible in regular season play.

Last weekend NYU looked good. Coach Lou Rossini's resourceful Violets bested late Charlotte after an easy 78-58 victory over Connecticut in New York, promptly upset West Virginia (a 94-86 winner over Navy) 82-81 in overtime. Doubled by the Mountaineers 88-69 at Morgantown only five weeks earlier, NYU confidently practiced "poisoning and potholes," made it pay off despite 81 points by West Virginia's versatile Jerry West. Tony Storch, who scored 26 points, shared the boards with teammate Al Pinedi, but it was guardish Ron Cunningham who lifted the Violets into a game-ending deadlock with a 30-foot net shot, clinched the outcome with a clutch free throw in the closing seconds of the overtime. Next came Duke, which had beaten Princeton 88-60, St. Joseph's 58-56. NYU deliberately shot the Blue Devils' carefully constructed 1-3-1 zone full of holes, poured in 74 points to Duke's 59 to win the Eastern Regional final.

For a few delicious moments Western Kentucky, which had beaten Miami 107-84, and Georgia Tech, an edgy 87-54 winner over Ohio U., enjoyed heady national prominence. But nobody was fooled, least of all Ohio State, led by All-American Sophomore Jerry Lucas. The tall, talented and free-running Buckeyes, trailing Western Kentucky 43-37 at half time, caught the fading Hilltoppers 88-79, went on to solve Georgia Tech's variable defenses for an 85-69 win in the Midwest Regional at Louisville.

California, its defenses at their frustrating best, methodically stifled their opponents in the Western Regional at Seattle. The Bears sat on Idaho State 71-44, Santa Clara 55-49, smothered Oregon, which had eased a brief flutter of excitement by upsetting Utah 66-64 in an encompassing defensive hug. The final score: California 76, Oregon 49.

Cincinnati, anxious for another shot at Cal, got its usual pickup from magnificent Oscar Robertson, beat Michigan 69-48, Kansas 82-72 in the Midwest Regional at Manhattan, Kans. The weary Jayhawks, who earned their way into the tournament by defeating Kansas State 84-82 in a playoff, first turned back Texas 90-82, gave the Bears a taste for a while, but succumbed inevitably to Robertson, who pushed in 48 points.

THE NIT

The NIT, too, was tracing its way toward a weekend climax in New York's Madison Square Garden. While top-seeded Kentucky and defending champion St. John's looked on, second-seeded Utah State and unseeded Providence moved convincingly into the semifinals, on back to catch their breath before meeting each other Thursday night.

Villanova held on (see long-range to earlier) Detroit 68-66 in the first round but found its slips showing against Utah State, made one mistake too many, lost 73-72 in another cliff hanger. The Wildcats' jump-shooting Sophomore Hubie White sent the game into overtime at 67 all, but the ever-hustling Aggies refused to panic, even when star rebounder Carroll Gowen (father of Boston Red Sox's Papi) leaked out. Max Perry, a poker-faced 5-foot 7-inch playmaking win-and-lead Utah State together, calmly dropped in two foul shots with seven seconds to go.

Providence, driven on by a vocal band of rooters who had the Garden jumping, slicked its way into the semifinals by



LEAPING HIGH, Evansville's Ed Small—well above their head—Chapman's Stevens in NCAA small-college final.

fighting off Memphis State 71-70 and upsetting third-seeded St. Louis 84-58. Against rugged Memphis State, smooth, ball-handling Len Wilkins scored the finger-roll, cut-up and 25 points. Two nights later the busy Friars' hustling seen proved the difference at St. Louis's ponderous 278-point Bob Northman was stilled under the basket. The Providence stars: 40-26, 16-inch Jimmy Haskins, who took over the boards, and mangle-handed John Egan, who dangled the bewildered Bulldogs with his deft panning, varying drive-and-flicking jump shot.

St. Bonaventure and Dayton also scored first-round victories. Holy Cross managed to match the streaking Bruins in a 41-41 first half with a humming 2-3 zone and the marionette of Jack (The Shot) Foley, who jumped and tipped in 36 points over the heads of his tight-guarding opponents during the game. But the capable Stith boys, Tom and Sam, finally caught up to the Crusaders for 52 points between them, pulled St. Bonaventure in front 84-81 for its 17th straight.

Dayton, a five-time NIT finalist but never a winner, took heart from a 78-65 conquest of Temple. The taller Flyers had the Owls blinking with their rebounding, never let up after they ran off eight straight points for a 36-37 half-time lead. But Coach Tommy Haskins had his finger crossed. He still had to face Bradley Tuesday night.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

The games weren't furious, but the stakes were just as big at Evansville, Ind.,



WORKING OUT OF TRAP, Utah State's Max Perry backboards at Villanova's Kaminski (34) and Samuels (22) in overtime.

where the NCAA college-division title was settled, and at Kansas City, where 32 teams tortuously weaved through eliminations in the NAIA tournament.

Despite drifting snowstorms and slick highways, 27,886 fans found their way to Evansville's Roberts Municipal Stadium for four double-headers, watched gleefully as the Evansville Aces won their second straight NCAA crown. But first the Aces had to overcome a sensational 54-point spree by American U's Wee Willie Jones, a fascinating 5-foot 9-inch gunner with Globetrotter aspirations. This they did when Ed Smallwood, a lanky jump shooter, poured in 41 points, led them to a 101-91 triumph. Then they outfighited Kentucky Wesleyan 75-69 in a moving-semi-final battle.

Meanwhile Chapman College of Orange, Calif., a tiny school with an enrollment of 428, was unexpectedly making its way to the final by beating Wheaton 78-67 and Concord of Iowa 79-64. However, the plucky Panthers were no match for Evansville. The Aces won 90-68 as Smallwood scored 23 points, was named the tournament's most valuable player.

At Kansas City, Westminister (Pa.) sponsored the ball with postcard concentration, shocked three-time NAIA champion Tennessee A&M to win 39-28 in the semifinals. But Southwest Texas State, gaining momentum with successive victories over Wisconsin State 93-29, Kansas State 101-88, Graceland 79-68 and William Jewell 82-64, was settling for nothing less than first place. In the final the Texans broke to an early lead on the back shooting of Charlie Sharp (who scored 150 points in five games), made Westminister come to them and beat the Titans 66-44 for the championship.

THE PROS

While Boston and St. Louis, winners of division titles, enjoyed fat-cat rests, the NBA second- and third-place teams busily hunted for the dubious right to face the champions in the playoffs. Out of the money this year were New York's Carl Braun and Cincinnati's Tom Marshall, who wound up in the cellar. Braun took off for Seattle to search for new talent; Marshall took off from the Royals for good.

In the East Philadelphia and Syracuse split the first two games, snatched a third game to decide Boston's opponent. The Warriors, in the playoffs for the first time in two years, overwhelmed Syracuse 115-89, then lost to the Nets 125-119 when Johnny Kerr found N&O Chamberlain's number, "held" him to 28 points.

In the West third-place Minneapolis polished off Detroit in quick order, beat the Pistons 115-112, 114-99 on the half-year shooting of Elgin Baylor and Frank Selvy, prepared to test the Hawks in a best-of-seven series.

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THE PRIVATE WORLD OF THE NEGRO BALLPLAYER

by ROBERT BOYLE

Some 57 of them are now in the major leagues, but they are integrated only on the field. Most of them are 'race men' who prefer to keep away from the whites

TWENTY YEARS AGO this spring, Jackie Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers was the only Negro player in major league baseball. He made a yearly salary of only \$5,600. Last season 57 of the 409-odd players in the National and American leagues were Negroes and were paid a total salary just short of \$1 million.

The Negro major leaguers make up

what is now probably the most interesting group in sports. "Negroes aren't supposed to stick together," says Cincinnati Pitcher Brooks Lawrence, "but the closest kind of adhesion I've ever known has been among Negro ballplayers." The Negro players live in a private world that their white teammates do not enter. They have their own hangouts, such as the

Sportman Club in Los Angeles. "That's headquarters there," says one. "We won't be in town a half hour before we check in to see what's going on."

They have their own slang, and they guard it closely. "Why should I tell you what they mean?" demanded St. Louis Infielder-Outfielder Bill White when I asked him the meaning of "mullion" and "hog-cutter." "Maybe they're secret words. Maybe we've got a code of our own. Ask someone else, not me. I'm not going to tell you." They have their own nicknames. One player is Old Folks, another is Snake. They have their own code of behavior.

They have their own leaders. Top banana at present is George Crowe, a 36-year-old utility first baseman for St. Louis. They have certain reservations about white and Latin Negro players. In addition to all this, the Negro major leaguers occupy a special position in Negro society at large. They are, says Professor E. Franklin Frazier, chairman of the Department of Sociology at Howard University, "an important part of the bourgeois elite."

The Negro's participation in baseball goes back almost as far as the white's. The first Negro professional, Bud Fowler, began playing in the 1880s. He stopped in the '90s because of the color line, but if he had been lighter he could have played on. The first Negroes to appear in a major league box score were the Walker



PRE-COLOR-LINE CLUB The Syracuse Stars, had two Negroes in 1888. Bud Fowler (standing, 2d) and Higgins, whose first name is unknown, (seated on floor at left).

PHOTOGRAPH BY



THE NEGROES' ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER: ST. LOUIS INFILDER GEORGE CROWE COUNSELS ATTENTIVE OUTFIELDER CURT FLOOD

PHOTO BY

PHOTO BY FRANKLIN MONTAGNA

brothers—Fleet, a catcher, and Wel-day Wilberforce, an outfielder—who both played briefly in 1884 with Toledo of the American Association. They had to quit when the team was threatened with mob violence in Richmond. Fleet went to Newark where he caught George Stovey, a famous Negro pitcher, but in 1887 he and Stovey left baseball after Cap Anson of the White Stockings balked at playing against them in an exhibition. The color line had been drawn.

Negroes formed their own teams. Waiters at a smart Long Island hotel formed the first one. To get games, they called themselves the Cuban Giants, and on the field they spoke a gibberish that was supposed to be Spanish. Negro kugwas followed shortly. Certainly, some players were good enough to star in the majors—Josh Gibson, the home run hitter, for one—but the color line held firm, though now and then it bent slightly. While managing Baltimore at the turn of the century, John McGraw signed Charlie Grant, a Negro second baseman, and claimed he was an In-

dian named Tokohoma. The rule worked until Tokohoma went to Chicago for an exhibition game. Jubilant Negro fans jammed the stands and waved a banner reading OUX BOY, CHARLIE GRANT.

While Grant failed, several light-skinned Negroes undoubtedly did "pass" into organized ball. In his later days, Bud Fowler said he knew of three or four. In the 1920s Negro players gossiped that Babe Ruth himself was passing. "Look at his nose, his lips," says one oldtimer. (It is not uncommon for Negroes to lay claim to a celebrity who has features that may be Negroid. "The Negroes," says Frazier, "as with any people who have a low status and a negatively valued world, want to go ahead and neutralize that by claiming important people are Negroes.")

Life in the Negro leagues was hard. A star might play in as many as three games a day and earn only \$400 or \$500 a month. But after Jackie Robinson broke in, major league clubs began to pick the Negro leagues clean. The Negro National League collapsed. The Negro American League limps on, with teams traveling by bus from

Greenwood, Miss., to Flint, Mich. for one-night stands.

The major league club with the most Negroes is San Francisco. Ten of the 37 players on the Giants' winter roster are colored. The man responsible is Alex Pompez, a 47-year-old Negro who owned the New York Cubans in the Negro National League. Pompa has played a part in the signing of practically every Negro in the Giant organization. He got Willie Mays for \$10,000, Willie Kirkland for \$2,800 and Willie McCovey for \$900. His job with the Giants is unique. First of all, he is in charge of scouting all Negro and Latin players. Secondly, he is in charge of all Negro and Latin prospects during spring training. He supervises their food, living quarters (he bunko Dominicans with Dominicans, Cubans with Cubans), manners (no hats on when eating) and dress. He gives little pep talks.

"When they first start out," Pompa says, "I tell my boys, 'If you want to stay in organized baseball, you got to do things a little bit better. You got to fight, play hard and hustle.' And they do. They're more ambitious, and they're hungry. Every year we get the leading hitter, most valuable player, the big home run hitter." His most delicate task is explaining the color line to Latin Negroes who are new to the segregated South. "When they first come here they don't like it," he says. "Some boys cry and want to go home. But after they stay and make big money, they accept things as they are. My main thing is to help them. They can't change the laws."

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

The segregation issue—in fact, the American Negro's low status in U.S. society in general—is the basis for the friction between Latin Negro and American Negro players. With the exception of a few—for example, Felix Mantilla and Juan Pizarro of Milwaukee—Latin Negroes do not willingly mingle with American Negroes off the field.

The reason is simple and painful: to be a Negro in the United States is to be socially inferior. Therefore Latin Negroes are not Negroes, at least as far as they themselves are concerned. They are Cubans, Dominicans, Puerto Ricans. Now American Negroes don't feel that Latin Negroes

IN DRESSING ROOM EMPTY OF WHITES, PITCHER BOB GIBSON CONSULTS CHONG



should be compelled to associate with them, but what they often resent is the Latin Negro's attitude. "I don't think I'm any better than they are," says an American Negro, "but I'm not any worse, either. They think they're better than the colored guy."

Another player told me, "You could write a book about these guys. We never see them unless we happen to have some choice material or where they're uncertain about some things." ("Material" is the not very flattering colloquialism for girls.) Told that Latin Negroes sometimes cry when they encounter segregation for the first time, the player said, "I don't cry. We don't cry, and we have it a hell of a lot worse than they do. But we're conditioned, I guess." The player said that while he was in the minors he roomed with a Latin Negro. "I showed him the ropes, how to order eggs and things." The player came back to the room one day and found that the Latin had moved out. The Latin tried to run around with the white players, but "they wouldn't tell him where they were having dinner," so he came back. "But I wouldn't take him. He didn't want me, so I didn't want him."

THE HOODOO MAN

Mal Goode, of the Pittsburgh chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, makes it a practice to have Negro players home for dinner when they play in Pittsburgh. Goode says he heard about a Latin Negro who was unhappy at not having been invited. "I invited him," Goode says. "After dinner he rubbed his skin and said, almost in tears, 'They say me no want to be colored, Mal. Look at me, Mal. What else can I be!' He said language was the barrier, but the players say differently, at least about the others."

Besides language, there are other differences. The Latin likes his food highly seasoned. He has his own customs and traditions. Pompey recalls how he used a Cuban witch doctor, a *bruj*, to get Minnie Minceo for the New York Cubans. "I was in Havana, and I wanted to sign Minceo," he says. "But he wouldn't come. He wouldn't even talk to me. Then I heard about this hoodoo man, this *bruj*. He shined shoes in Havana. I was told to see him. So the first day I went there I say nothing. I have him

shine my shoes, then I give him a half-dollar tip and go away. The next day I went back and do the same thing. The third day he says, 'Don't I know you?' I said, 'Maybe. My picture's in the paper. I'm Pompey of the New York Cubans.' He asks me, 'What are you doing in Havana?' I tell him I want to sign Minceo, but he won't sign. I ask the *bruj*, 'Do you know Minceo?' He laughs ha, ha, ha, like he's going to fall down and says, 'Do I know Minceo?' I ask, 'Can you get Minceo to come to the United States to play ball?' He says, 'Yes.' I ask, 'How do you know that?' And he laughs again, and he says, 'If Minceo no go with you, his leg be broken!' I tell him, 'O.K., you get me Minceo, and I will bring you to the United States the year after next as a coach.' He says O.K., and I tell him where

I will be the next night so Minceo can sign the contract. Sure enough, right at 6 o'clock, there's a knock on the door. It's Minceo. He doesn't say a word. I give him the pen, and he signs to play with the New York Cubans. That's it. Later I sold him to Cleveland for \$7,500.

"The next year," and here Pompey's voice becomes hushed, "I bring the *bruj* to the U.S. as a coach. I give him a uniform. He is now coach. Now in all my years in the Negro National League I have never won a pennant. The *bruj* come up to me and he says, 'Hey, Pompey, is it true that you have never won the pennant?' I say, 'That's right. In all these years, I've never won the pennant.' You know what? The *bruj*, he looks at me and he says, 'Don't worry, Pompey. This

continued on page 74



ON FIELD, PLAYERS FRATERNIZE EASILY. HERE ORWIE TALKS WITH KEN ROYER

FIVE OLD GIRLS LOOK OVER A FILLY

Photographs by J. C. Meadows

IT WAS a late-winter day on Mrs. John D. Horta's Stoner Creek Stud in Paris, Kentucky, and the little filly (right) was only three days old. She did not feel like having her picture taken. She felt like kicking up her heels. In fact, she made such a fuss that these five mares galloped up to their paddock fence (above) to see what the commotion was about.

It was, after all, a family matter. The dark bay filly is one of some 8,000 Thoroughbred foals who will be dropped in this land by the end of May. But her sire is Count of Honor, who had a brief but successful career (seven wins in nine starts) before retiring to stud. Her dam is She Devil, daughter of the stakes-winning Our

Fleet. Count of Honor and Our Fleet were both sired by the celebrated Count Fleet, the 1943 Triple Crown winner. And every one of the mares lined up along the white fence at Stoner Creek is a daughter of Count Fleet. That makes the little unnamed filly the niece of them all. Just family curiosity? Not entirely. One of the circumstances that makes this rare picture even rarer: each of the five mares is awaiting the arrival, in a day to a week or so, of her own foal.

It will be a couple of years before the little filly will have a chance to go to the races. Ahead lie growth and play, then formal training. If all goes well, watch for the daughter of Count of Honor-She Devil in 1962.

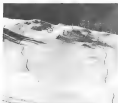
LIKE GOSSIPY BACKYARD HOUSEWIVES, COUNTESS ALICE, NOT AFRAID, FLEET MAMMY, FLEET JACKIE AND GONTERAN, DAUGHTERS



OF THE GREAT BOUNTY FLEET, MOVE TO FENCE TO LOOK OVER LATEST MEMBER OF THE FAMILY (BELOW) AT STONER CREEK STUD



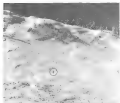
AVALANCHE!



RANGER (CIRCLE) STARTS MISSION DOWN SLOPE

ALTA, UTAH is famous for its powder snow, but steep powder slopes are also famous for avalanches. After a fresh snowfall it's the snow rangers' job to create avalanches before the public does, either by cannonading or tricky maneuvers called "protective skiing." Tracks on the outer edges of the photograph at right show paths of skiers who had first explored the area. This time, Chief Snow Ranger Ed LaChapelle (tiny figure circled in the picture above) pushed off, hoping to start an avalanche safely ahead of him. Instead, it caught him. The snow broke, blizing around him at 25 mph in billows reaching 12 feet, sounding like a vast sigh. LaChapelle was overwhelmed at first (circle, right) but he recovered farther down slope (circle, below). Unhappily, he sprained his ankle when he slipped after getting clear.

Photos by Bob Fick for Reader's Digest



SURVIVING AVALANCHE, HE RESUMES DESCENT







MOMENT OF CEREMONY marks duel's start as braver readers instruments in table. He will turn to watch, and armed seconds lean away, as swordplay begins.

SCHMISS-FACED HONOR STUDENTS

WHILE American college students got hassos in the form of large chanille letters for their awesaters, their West German counterparts are increasingly turning to an old Teutonic mark of sporting ability, the dueling scar. University dueling societies, once outlawed, now claim 18,000 members. Long camera-shy, they now seem, on rare occasions, willing to be photographed.

Object of the duels, like this one between members of two Bonn University societies, is not to win but to show courage. Competitors are padded like hockey goalies, with only areas of the head and face exposed, making severe injuries rare. Divided into rounds of four thrusts each, a duel may last 30 minutes. Boys train for months but need fight just once, hoping this will earn a Schmiss, the face scar that shows their bravery to all.

Photographs by Wolfgang Weber



DUELIST IS IMPASSIVE while wound is attended. Custom demands that he must not flinch during duel or surgery.





IN IMMINENT OR ACTUAL FREE FLIGHT, KIDS CAVORT ON OPEN-AIR TRAMPOLINES. INJURIES ARE RARE ON GROUND-LEVEL NETS



SOME FAVOR WHEELS-OVER-HEAD TECHNIQUE

OTHERS TRY FOR POISE, POINTED TOES



A FEW SEEK MOST BOUNCE PER OUNCE

SPRING IN CALIFORNIA

IN Los Angeles it was spring and spring and spring again last week for youngsters discovering the bounding delights of Trampolines. An enterprising entrepreneur, seeing a 1960 answer to Tom Thumb golf, dug pits at a dozen localities, stretched Trampolines, over them, put up "Jump for Joy" signs and let the public summer-sault and soar 34 minutes for \$94.

At the University of California's Berkeley campus it was boy-meets-girl time, but the meeting was across a giant chessboard. The boys had moved into their new half concrete, half glass Ehrman Hall, looked out and saw Davidson Hall, a girls' dormitory, right across the quadrangle.

Putting the windows of their eight-story building to use, the boys first hung out signs—"Big Daddy Is Watching You," read one huge Ehrman-to-Davidson window message—and then challenged the girls to a chess match. Four-foot-high cardboard chessmen were cut out and placed in Ehrman's windows. "Is it war?" the boys asked. "T-K4" shot back the girls, beginning the move-a-day contest.

The girls sent their best player to the library to study chess books. The boys set up a chess strategy committee and also moved all chessmen: a duty involving telephone talks like this: "Hello, room 369. Take your castle to room 369. But be nice. Room 369 hates chess." Tough business when a man's home is Ehrman's castle. Other hazards included the windy night a knight fell out a window.

By last week, Davidson's girls, mite-playing, seemed doomed to defeat. And Ehrman, still dismayed school authorities, had put a huge, cheery sign across a dozen of its windows: "Give Us a Queen for a Night."

GIRLS' GALS plot a move with aid of small board for transfer to 44-window "chessboard" of boys' Ehrman Hall dormitory.





DRAG HUNT is held for all ages in the Hitchcock Woods.



POLO, an outdoor sport, is played in the Hitchcock Woods.



COURT TENNIS, a game of precision, is played by Pete Revinski.

SPORTS DAY at Aiken Prep School gives boys their training.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek

AIKEN CHARM

THE South Carolina town of Aiken occupies a unique position among American sporting centers in that even the advances of the mechanical age have hardly changed its concept of sport since it was established as a winter community in the 1890s. From the beginning, when northern residents followed the example of the late sports-loving Thomas Hitchcock by wintering there, Aiken life has revolved around the horse. The Hitchcocks found the South Carolina climate ideally suitable for training race horses, and from the challenging steeplechase course in the Hitchcock Woods many great U.S. champions went on to far-reaching fame. Today, in addition to jumpers, Aiken boasts some 250 flat racers and some 80 harness horses who learn their winter lessons on two first-class training tracks. Aikenites also may follow a drag hunt or turn out to watch high-goal polo on the same turf which in the past produced not only the one and only Tommy Hitchcock Jr., but also such stars as the Bostwicks, Knoxes, Igleharts, Gerrys and Milburns. Many Aiken families still send their sons to the Aiken Preparatory School, which appropriately enough includes golf, riding, skeet shooting and bicycle polo in an athletic curriculum designed to keep future generations of Aiken sportsmen active for many years to come.

A SUNDAY-MORNING SHOW

One of the most serene and also interesting aspects of Aiken is the tradition of viewing and studying Thoroughbreds belonging to some of the top U.S. stables. Here a showing at the barn of William H. Perry brings out a relaxed audience to discuss each race horse and the campaigns ahead.

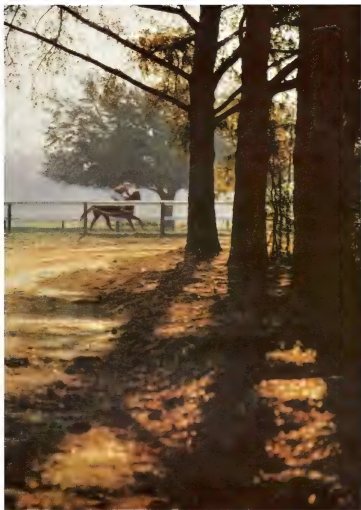




BEAUTY IN THE WOODS

Winter visitors to Aiken never cease to marvel at its natural beauty. The Palmetto Golf Club course (above) is cut out of a pine forest and is surprisingly difficult as it meanders over the natural contours of the land. Long before golf, however, dawn risers ride out to the one-mile training track where young horses of the big stables demonstrate their friskiness (right) before any of the serious racing starts.





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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Waiting for Lefty?

ONE of the most enthusiastic voices to cry "Wagons Ho!" in the recent westward march of big league baseball was that of San Francisco's ebullient Mayor George Christopher. Last week, on a visit to Moscow, the mayor was suggesting an even longer trek for the national game.

Banking in the assurance from Nikita Khrushchev, his guest of last year, that San Francisco was "the best city in the whole United States," Christopher suggested to his Russian hosts that he and they get together more often and in various ways. Exchanges of rare animals between their respective zoos, a transpolar airline route directly between Moscow and San Francisco, a greater Russian consumption of California's wines were all part of the mayor's long-term plan of bêtrotail. But the idea that raised the most overarching vistas was certainly Christopher's suggestion that Premier Khrushchev agree to let Lefty O'Doul, a great slugger for the Giants in the days before they went west and a onetime manager of the old San Francisco Seals, come to Moscow with a trunk full of equipment and teach the Russians how to play ball.

"Who is this Leftist O'Doul?" we can imagine Khrushchev asking with kindling eye. Mayor Christopher is for a home-and-home series between Moscow and San Francisco. Well, they laughed at first at the idea of big league ball on the Coast, too.

Men and Machines

FROM the South came word of the fresh advance of automation. At Miami Stadium a mechanical throwing machine named Eddie Everready pitched both ends of an intrasquad double-header for the Baltimore Ori-

oles, performing impartially for both sides. The first game was a 3-3 tie in nine innings, the second a tight little 2-1 affair. Two days later, his pitching rack fresh as ever, Eddie didn't allow a hit for six innings, but he finally outpitched himself 2-0. Over 54 half innings he had walked only one batter and got himself a 1.67 earned run average (compared to the league leader, Baltimore's own Hoyt Wilhelm, 2.19 last season).

Oriole Manager Paul Richards, recognized in diamond circles as a wizard with pitchers, picked up his new rookie for the catalogue price of only \$360, f.o.b. Kansas City.

"People have used these things for a long time," said Richards, "but as far as I know nobody ever tried one in a regular game before. The last one we had shot the ball at you like a cannon. And when it threw spitballs

continued



it looked off. But Eddie's fine. He has a good fast ball, a little dippy-doodle of a curve and great control."

If Richards was fascinated, his batmen weren't. Veteran Jim Pinquon paid the machine the compliment all batters use when they can't hit a pitcher they think they should. "The louse is sneaky fast," he said.

Eddie had one attribute, though, which might earn him much favor with baseball fans. Unlike his flesh-and-blood counterparts, he doesn't rub up the ball, warm up, tug at his hat, upbraid the umpire, paw at the ground, sulk, pant, shout or shake off the catcher's signal. (Indeed there was no catcher, and bunting and base stealing were out.) He just pitched. Under these circumstances, the Orioles played their full double-header in two hours and 25 minutes.

At the same time, 289 miles away in St. Petersburg, the St. Louis Cardinals were using human pitchers, but another grand baseball figure, the craggy-faced old coach with the fungo bat, was out.

Time was when these sages could tell rookies how they did it in 1922, and then command respect by bating fungos with the accuracy of mortar gunners. But last week Cardinal coaches were crouching behind a sawed-off shotgun or a gadget and shooting balls into the outfield with compressed air. Long flies, pop-ups, line drives; all a cinch with a gun.

Anti-automationists (pitchers, coaches and sentimentalists) finally had a chance to smile when Eddie Everready got a sore arm at the end of his big week. But the front office had a last laugh. They had the ailing

member unscrewed and replaced with a new one, at a cost of \$36.83.

The New York Yankees, by the way, seemed one desperate step away from automation. They showed up at St. Pete to play the Cardinals with that seasoned actor Yogi Berra im-



personating a third baseman. The obvious rumor was that this was a stopgap measure dreamed up by Casey Stengel while awaiting delivery of the latest mechanical marvel.

The Film Isn't Right

ONCE baseball pitcher got even with the machine age last week. When the Yankees' best left-hander, Whitey Ford, was asked to step before television cameras at Miller Huggins Field he excused himself, dashed inside for a glove and came out again.

All through the interview he kept pounding his fist into his glove. What the television interviewers never remarked: Whitey was wearing a glove on his left hand and making fists with his right.

But don't let him fool you. Ford is still a left-handed pitcher.

Big Red and the Red

TOKE FOOTBALL, to almost every college in the U.S., has long had the glittery aspect of a golden egg. Not only does the game it is used in nec-

essarily support a varsity team, but frequently the revenues left over pay for a school's entire athletic program. In a simple and not extreme case, football at Cornell University, from 1938 to 1952, underwrote the costs of 18 other varsity sports and 17 freshman sports and made half a million dollars besides. More recently, Cornell football has been having trouble paying its own bills; the Big Red has had to worry about red ink.

The blame for this new embarrassment, complains Cornell Athletic Director Robert Kane in the current *Cornell Alumni News*, is easy to fix. In an attempt to divorce themselves from the contemporary high-pressure football philosophies of other major conferences, Cornell and its Ivy colleagues have overreacted and developed a rapid game of "planned mediocrity" that is driving off nonalum fans in droves. The loss of ticket sales, deplorable and needless, to Kane, has severely cut into the operating revenues of other college sports. "We are scourging ourselves for the sins of others," says Kane. "There is nothing at all wrong with football."

To narrow the gap between high costs and low incomes, Kane urges his school to take two steps. One is to follow the pattern of Harvard and establish an athletic endowment at Cornell that would support non-money-making sports. The other is to permit a better (i.e., less Ivy) football team.

Fishing's Just Luck

CORPORAL Henry Martin Clifford Johnstone of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is a brave man. Four years ago he answered a holdup alarm, was shot eight times before he killed one bank bandit, wounded another and threw his empty gun at a fleeing third.

Last week Corporal Johnstone displayed his heroism again. He ruled that British Columbia's time-honored fishing derby—in which anglers pay entry fees, then get prizes for the biggest catches—are lotteries, therefore illegal.

"Fishing is entirely a matter of luck, not skill," he said.

Consider that Mountie Johnstone

They Said It

FRANK LANE, wacky general manager of the *Cleveland Indians*: "This game of baseball didn't become the national pastime because everybody in it was quiet."

BIG DADDY LIPSCOMB, Baltimore's old turtle who plays football at 282 pounds, learning he now weighs 297 as an off-season wonder: "I got to watch my weight. Don't want to look sloppy out there in my tightie."

INDEANAY JOHANSSON, who last summer solved the mystery of Patterson's peroxide style, after an exhibition laser in the *Guns Strip*: "I saw some very pretty women, although many were veiled and I could only see their eyes."



"That's his mom. She's a few pounds over the limit, too."

was proclaiming fishing derbies illegal in a seacoast province which has held more than 200 such events a year, whose prizes sometimes total \$20,000, where 116 fish and game clubs approve of them, and where thousands of anglers take part.

Consider, too, that he was casting aspersions at the abilities and philosophies of famous fishermen from Isaac Walton to Dwight D. Eisenhower. Now you have an idea of the courage involved.

Editorialized the *Vancouver Province*: "Either the RCMP knows nothing about the art of fishing, or the lottery section of the criminal code needs overhauling." Fumed British Columbia Magistrate Roderick Haig-Brown, also a magisterial fishing writer (SI, April 7, 1958 et seq.): "Only the experienced know where to look for the big ones."

Wailed Vancouver's official publicity man, William Hawkins: "Fish-

tion; he observed that his corporal had only been offering a legal opinion, not making a binding ruling.

Meanwhile British Columbia's attorney general, Robert Bonner, the man who may have the final say if the Mounties arrest any fishing-centent anglers, uttered a reassurance: He is a fisherman himself, he admitted, and has believed all his life that there's more than chance to catching fish.

Texas Tries Pigeons Live

IT was like the opening chapter of Edna Ferber's novel all over again last week as the elite of Texas arrived at Brackettville, the starkest south Texas cavalry post from which Robert E. Lee was once summoned to command the forces of the Confederacy. By Cadillac convertible and private plane they came, the richest of the ranchers and the oilmen, dressed in the best from Neiman-Marcus, and all eager to enjoy the latest sports preoccupation in the Lone Star State.

The sport they came to enjoy was shooting pigeons. Not clay pigeons, mind you; what the Texans were shooting at were real pigeons flung into the air by an expert pigeon thrower at the rate of about 750 a day.

To help them play their game, the Texas sportsmen had imported from Spain a distinguished pigeon tosser

named José (Pepe) Manauta, known in his own land as a *colombaire*, or dover, from the Latin for dove, *colomba*. Armed with 12-gauge shotguns, the shooters lined up near the center of a 200-foot circle marked off with flags. As such was ready to shoot, he echoed the trapshooter's call for "bird" or nodded his head. At that instant Pepe would whirl around and with an underhand delivery toss a pigeon high into the air.

Once the pigeon began its free flight, the shooter was required to bring it down before it passed the line of flags marking the circumference. Pepe gave each marksman a chance at 15 birds and tossed him out after four misses. Since the Spanish *colombaire* had a diabolical talent for spotting the weaknesses of the marksmen, few shooters lasted beyond the 15th round. "Invariably," said one keen Texan marksman who looked like John Wayne at the Alamo, "if a fellow looks so good he just can't miss, Pepe will find his soft spot."

Handsome and expensive rifles and rifle cases were awarded to the winners, and one shrewd investor carried away \$8,000 by backing the right guns in the Calcutta sweep that accompanied the two-day shoot. But the real hero of the occasion was the little *colombaire* from Spain who, clad in jaunty white ducks and an open-necked sport shirt, tossed his pigeons tirelessly and expertly in

continued



ing is no more a game of chance than golf, curling or ice hockey?"

Tangled in the backwash, Johnstone's RCMP superior, Inspector Gordon Gerrie, manfully ordered a full investigation of the legal ques-

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the key 30" air for hour after hour.

"Can you imagine," asked one admiring citizen from Corpus Christi, "what the big leagues would do with a guy who could pitch 1,500 pigeons over the plate in two days?"

Railbirds at Holloman

The rocket sleds which career at supersonic speeds along the seven-mile test track at Holloman AFB, N.Mex. are controlled by water brakes. The Air Force is agreeable to permitting small, dusty birds to bathe in the stretches of water between the rails, but when they hop up on the rails to dry off it's another matter—they don't hear the sleds coming. The collisions not only kill birds but damage sleds and ruin tests.

The Air Force has tried to scare the birds off by playing tom-tom music, trumpet flourishes and recorded gunfire over the track's public address system. The cacophony started visiting technicians but left the birds unmoved. High-frequency noises have been recommended, but Holloman's budget doesn't allow for a seven-mile hi-fi set.

News of Holloman's (and the birds') plight got around, and the base received a flood of imaginative remedies: enclosing the track in a wire-mesh cage, bombing it with jet planes before test runs, frightening the birds with electrical shocks and destroying all insect and plant life along the track.

"Your problem is so simple to solve," wrote a California investor. "Just invite the birds to a few strategically located bird parks." He enclosed a sketch showing the track, a park nearby labeled "Sanctuary," another park farther away labeled "More Appealing Sanctuary" and a third park, even more remote, labeled "Still More Appealing Sanctuary."

Another correspondent suggested camouflaging the rails and dyeing the water "to confuse the birds."

A New Jersey man said he had heard that rubber mice scare away pigeons and recommended posting an unspecified number along the track. "I want no pay," he added.

"Would it be feasible," wrote a sincere young lady from Massachusetts,

"to attach a bumper-type piece of metal or hard rubber to the front of the sled? What I have in mind is something comparable to a cowcatcher." Track personnel told her that, for one, this would destroy the aerodynamic shape of the sled.

"The same live hawk nearby," a Texan urged. Indeed, Holloman was getting up a little recording session to tape amplified hawk calls until a zoology professor voiced the idea. "There is absolutely no evidence whatsoever that hawk cries affect birds," said Dr. Hubert Prings of Penn State. "After all, a hawk doesn't yell at a bird it is going to catch."

After considering various commercial products which explode, twirl or involve disintegrable chemicals, Holloman called in Joseph H. Fink, president of National Bird Control Laboratories of Skokie, Ill. Last week Fink sprayed several areas, including loud-speaker poles, with Roost No More, a sticky substance which is supposed to make birds' feet so uncomfortable it eventually repels them. A Holloman spokesman says it's too early to evaluate Fink's goo, but Signal Corps men who have to climb the loud-speaker poles say the stuff isn't strictly for the birds. It's so sticky it repels men.

On the Beach Again

What do people get that urge to head for the beach once the first warm weather? Because they like to swim? Because it's hot back there on

the land? Nonsense. Sir Alister Hardy, F.R.S., professor of zoology at Oxford, says that it is because we all started by living on the beach in the first place.

Sir Alister, one of Britain's foremost authorities on the mysteries of plankton and such, argues that primitive man lived as an agelifer beach-comber for something like a million years. At first wading and groping in the shallow tidewater, later venturing forth beyond his depth, early man found his first food at the seashore and hence became a vacationer even before he went to work ashore. Groping about in the deeper waters seeking fish with his hands and the bottom with his feet, man first learned to stand erect while in the water. During the process, he (and presumably she as well) lost most of the rich matting of hair that covered his primitive body and learned to savor all the languid delights of sunbathing.

With the perversion that has marked him ever since, man eventually learned to sacrifice all these delights in favor of the harsher regimen of life on the dry land, but—and here is the real point of Sir Alister's argument as expounded last week before the British Sub-Aqua Club in Brighton—not permanently.

What with land-grown food supplies becoming scarcer all the time and land-led human mouths to consume them growing more and more numerous, Sir Alister sees the day fast approaching when man will have to go down to the sea once again and make his living on the beach. Ready, Miami? Ready, Malibu?

O Tempora, O Records

WORKING UP A SWEAT for his own event, the half mile, Track Captain Ernie Cushlee of Stanford ran a practice mile in four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds.

Neither Ernie nor anyone else was much impressed with this accomplishment in the year 1960, despite the fact that some 39 years ago the great Glenn Cunningham made headlines with an incredible new world record for the mile. His time in a roarsingly contested race: 4:04.4.



Crack Hockey

The local team was in a draw
As public tension grew:
Until, thanks to an early thaw,
Their feisty break through.

—ARTHUR WILLO



Woodcut's - designs transferred from carved blocks of wood - require the eye of an artist, the hand of a craftsman. Antonio Frazzini, a foremost exponent of this ancient art form, has built. The strong simplicity that marks his work is evident in this woodcut of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn, commissioned expressly for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series.

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Mist print skirt, \$9.95. Irish linen skirt, \$17.95. Sleeveless Mist print sheath, \$25.00. Back-ground, Irish linen Bermuda-length shorts, \$15.00. Sleeveless skirt, \$7.95. Photographed at Big Red Hotel, Skokie, Ill., January 1971, by Howard Goff.



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UP FOR GRABS AT THE COW PALACE

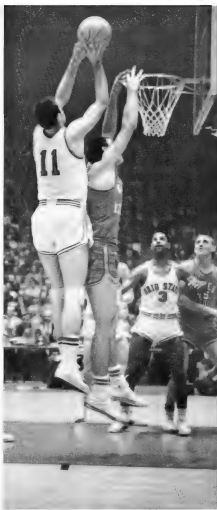
Offense meets defense head on
this week as basketball's
top four go after the college title

by JEREMIAH TAX

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT in Seattle, the University of California's tall, lacrosse center, Darrell Inhoff, sat in the stands watching a basketball game between the universities of Utah and Oregon before his own team would take the floor against Santa Clara. Utah, a powerful offensive team averaging 85 points a game, was heavily favored. Only a few minutes had gone by, but Inhoff was already unimpressed with Utah. "They're going to lose," he said, "because they just don't play good defense. If you don't play good defense you have nothing to fall back on when your own shooting is off. When our shooting is cold our defense is always there to pull us through. That's the way we win." Then he walked off to the locker room to dress for California's game.

While Inhoff was gone, Oregon demonstrated just how correct his analysis of Utah's defense was. Oregon's fiery little Chuck Runk slipped repeatedly through Utah's zone or its frantic press to score, and his sidekick, lanky Glenn Moore, was just as effective. Oregon won 65-54, their

continued



HIGH OVER Western Kentucky defender, Ohio State's Luma grabs ball, shoots in same motion.

own defenses holding Utah to 31 points below Utah's normal total.

The same evening, half a continent away in Louisville, Ohio State was proving the very opposite of the Imhoff thesis in a game against Western Kentucky. An offensive powerhouse like Utah, Ohio State was also the strong favorite on the basis of its 80-plus point average per game, best in the nation. Against Western Kentucky, Ohio State's defense was considerably less than impressive. But, fast-breaking like a college edition of the Boston Celtics and shooting from outside as if the basket were a barn door, State got 36 points to Western's 75. Time after time, the State defense failed, and the team fell back on its offense. State was actually behind at half time, 37-48. One minute and 29 seconds after play resumed, State had gone from 6 behind to 2 ahead, literally overwhelming Western with its explosive running attack.

Both of these games—providing such contrasting evidence in the perennial debate over offense versus defense—were part of the national collegiate championship tournament. In addition to games at Louisville and Seattle, other elimination rounds were played last weekend in Charlotte, N.C. and Manhattan, Kans. Interestingly enough, they too offered proof on both sides of the argument. In Charlotte, New York University fought its way to the semifinals, beating West Virginia and Duke with two excellent defensive efforts. At Manhattan, Cincinnati's quick-breaking offense swamped DePaul by 40 points, and then it ran away from Kansas by 11 points in the closing minutes of a tight game. Thus, the four remaining teams in the tournament who meet this weekend in San Francisco's Cow Palace to determine a national champion are perfectly balanced on either side of the theoretical approaches to basketball. California and NYU are still in contention primarily because of their defenses, Cincinnati and Ohio State because of their offenses.

One other aspect of this tournament makes it particularly attractive.

In recent years quite a few teams have come into the NCAA largely because of the spectacular talent of one player. Kansas had its Walt Chamberlain, Seattle its Elgin Baylor and, for the past two years, Cincinnati has had Oscar Robertson and West Virginia, Jerry West. Despite the immense psychological advantage the presence of such brilliant individuals lends, not one of these whizzes has led his team to a championship.

Now that West Virginia has again been eliminated, only Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati's "Big O," remains to see whether one great, inspired player can bring a team the final victory. As he approaches the climax of a remarkable collegiate career, during which he has broken scoring records right and left, Robertson certainly appears capable of winning the title singlehanded. He scored "only" 29 points while his team was beating DePaul easily, but when Cincinnati desperately needed every bit of his skill in the close contest with Kansas, he scored 48. For three years now, every conceivable defense has been tried against Robertson and pitifully few have come anywhere near working.

PROOF FROM THE PAST

It is highly significant, therefore, that California is the team Cincinnati must beat on Friday night in order to get to the final on Saturday. Cal has already shown it can handle Oscar Robertson. In the semifinals of last year's tournament, Cal met Cincinnati, rigged nothing special for Robertson and won. Every player at California, under the highly skilled direction of Coach Pete Newell, works hard on defense all year.

Cal has another weapon that has worked before and should do so again—the tall, graceful Darrell Imhoff. Whenever a rival player slips away from his California defender and tries to drive close in to the basket, Imhoff is there to block the shot or at least intimidate him. Imhoff was just learning how to perform this Bill Russell-like trick at tournament time last year. This season he became adept at it.

Cal has other advantages over Cincinnati. Imhoff, Bill McClintock, Tandy Gilles and the other Californians rarely commit a ball-handling error. If something goes wrong with one of their deliberately set-up plays, they simply back off and start their

BOUNCING BACK Tom Sanders of NYU beats West Virginia's West in ball.



pattern over again. They will not be hurried; they get the shot they want or they don't shoot.

Cincinnati also has the problem of handling Imhoff when Cal has the ball, and only one man, Paul Hogue, is tall enough for the job. Against Kansas last weekend, Hogue again displayed his critical weakness: very early in the game he had to be benched because he had already committed three fouls. If Cincinnati has to play Cal without Hogue on the floor for long periods, Imhoff may well outscore Robertson.

STRENGTH IN RESERVE

In the other half of the draw, Ohio State will face NYU, and despite the momentum NYU has built up in recent weeks, State appears clearly the stronger team. Even counting Cal, State has the best reserve talent in the field. This is especially important in tournament basketball, when one loss eliminates a team. If one or two players get into foul trouble or are unaccountably off their game, there must be men on the bench who can come in without weakening the team.

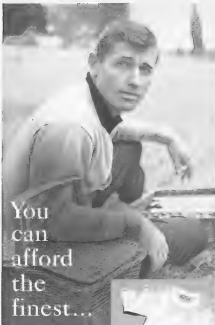
Last weekend, State Guard Mel Nowell had, for him, a rather poor first half against Western Kentucky. Coach Fred Taylor started Gary Gearhart in Nowell's place after the intermission, and Gearhart scored two quick field goals to tie the score. Minutes later, another reserve, Bob Knight, tossed in two 20-foot jump shots within 30 seconds.

This, of course, is only a small part of the State offensive story. In the pivot with his soft hooks, underneath with his tip-ins and rebounds, outside with his unstoppable jumpers, State has Jerry Lucas, an All-American in his first varsity season. Lucas already plays with the poise and deadpan assurance of a professional. He gets excellent position under the boards at either end of the court and seldom loses the ball once he gets one of his huge hands on it. At the forwards, State has two fine corner shooters in John Havlicek and Joe Roberts, with Dick Furry and Knight, almost as good, standing by. Havlicek, especially, has great anticipation after a missed shot and manages to be on the spot to retrieve

continued

SHOOTING STAR Robertson of Cincinnati aims driving hook over DePaul defense.





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GOV PALACE continued

and send the ball up again. The guards, Nowell and Larry Nagried, are fine ball hawks and lead State's fast break with intelligence as well as extreme speed.

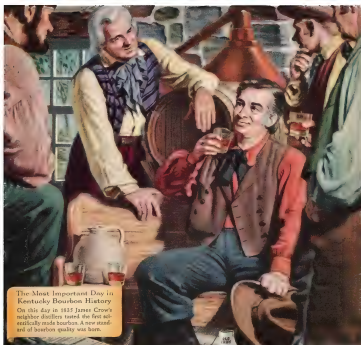
This crew has everything a champion needs, including smart direction from Taylor on the bench. The only thing that can keep it out of the finals is the slight possibility that the large number of sophomores on the squad will all get tournament jitters at the same time. That probably won't happen against NYU. As soon as Coach Lou Rossini is forced to go to his bench, team efficiency drops a notch. The starters are a well-balanced bunch, but they lack over-all speed, and this will hurt them against a running team like Ohio State. At center, long-armed Tom Sanders will give Lucas a battle; within a few feet of the basket only the best defense can contain him, and underneath he is as good a rebounder as State has to offer. NYU's two sterling guards, Russ Cunningham and Ray Paprocky, are also a match for their opposite numbers, but in the corners Ohio State has a great edge. NYU's Al Barden played very well in Charlotte, but he is erratic at best on offense, and his defensive talent is not geared to State's speed. Ohio State runs for 40 minutes of every game. It should run away from NYU often enough to win.

It should also run away from California in the final. Up offense, down defense!

END



BIGGEST BEAR. California's. Darrell Imhoff, peaks nearly over travel delays.



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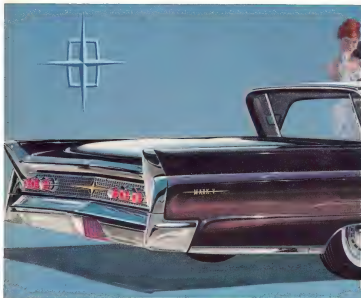
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INTROSPECTIVE, UNPREDICTABLE, MAURICE RICHARD, HERE KISSING DAUGHTER SUZANNE, IS MOST AT EASE WITH CHILDREN

One Beer for The Rocket

Maurice Richard, the violent Canadian, watches his temper and his weight in his 18th year of ice hockey

by GILBERT ROGIN

WHAT MAKES Toronto tick? "What makes the TV announcer say 'What makes Toronto dead?'" Maurice (The Rocket) Richard asked back. Richard (see cover), who has played right wing for the Club de Hockey Canadien Inc. every winter since 1942, sat, his shoes off, in a dark room in the Royal York hotel, laughing at Red Siskton and smoking a cigar—a burly man of 38 with an erect carriage, tilted, somber, devout face, inflexible eye, abundant black hair which also thickly mats his chest and back, making him look like a mangy bear, and queer, thin, knobby legs. "If he had another hair on his back, he'd be up a tree," says Kenny Reardon, who is vice-president of the Montreal Canadiens. Richard's roommate in Toronto, Marcel Bonin,

who once wrestled a toothless, suffering bear in a carnival ("I never win," he admits) was out somewhere in the cold, solid city. The Ontario Good Roads Association made riotous marches up and down the long, dim hotel corridors, X's on the backs of their red necks and violent spectacles on their broad neckties. One of them hammered on Richard's door.

"Go to bed, damn it!" Richard shouted. "That's my whole life trouble," he said, "trying to sleep. My mother was the same way. If I sleep four or five hours a night, it's good. TV puts me to sleep every time. Where would we be without TV, eh? And what did we do before?"

"Eighteen years of this," he said. "In the town. Out of the town. I really get tired of all these trips." He

got up and closed the transom, shutting out the racket. "People bother me," he said. "The young ones, they're all right. It's the old ones who have had a drink or two too much, yelling at you, asking all sorts of questions." He made a face. "I was at this sports banquet. A famous person got up to speak. He had too much to drink, like James Dean in that movie. He kept on talking and no one knew how to stop him. It was embarrassing. I'll never be like that."

And no one, certainly, will ever be quite like Maurice Richard, who next week, as their captain, leads the Canadiens toward their fifth consecutive Stanley Cup. Not even himself. "You should have come up five years ago," he had said in the men's room of a Montreal-Detroit sleeper several days before, where he has sat so many nights reading until the porter fills the room with hockey players' shoes. "It's getting to be my time now. I'm getting near the end. I have had some good times, some bad. I started out with three bad injuries [fractured left ankle, left wrist, right ankle] and am ending with three bad injuries [stiff Achilles' tendon, fractured left tibia, depressed fracture of facial bone]. The old days are gone. These are the new days. I'll never score five goals in one night." He

continued

looked out the window at the dismal, glaring snow, listening to the wheels as the train bore him to his 1,091st game. Behind him, the glorious past, the records: 50 goals (and in a 50-game season); five goals in a playoff game; 18 winning goals in 14 playoff series, six of which were in overtime; 26 hat tricks (three or more goals in a game); 615 goals; 1,976 points; at least one goal in nine straight games; etc.

"He was a wartime hockey player," says Frank J. Selke, the 66-year-old managing director of the Canadiens. "When the boys come back, they said, they'll look after Maurice. Nobody looked after Maurice. He looked after himself. When the boys come back, they said, they'll catch up with him. The only thing that's caught up with Maurice is time."

"It's changed. I'm the oldest; the rest are kids," Richard said one night in a Detroit bar which advertised a stereophonic juke box. ("I'd go where the boys go," he had said, "but it's not a nice place. This is a quiet little bar on the corner.") "I know I'm not playing good hockey now. I'm weak now. My legs are tired. After a minute and a half, I'm tired. I'm so tired. I will try to diet. I weigh 194 pounds. I've been playing at that weight for the last five years, but I'm so heavy I'm floating on air. I got to take off five or six pounds before the playoffs. Only one beer. That's all I'll drink. I'll drink gin. That isn't fattening." He watched on TV a tape of the game he had played in an hour earlier. He had scored two goals. The bartender got in front of the TV set while he scored the first goal and Richard did not see it. He was told he had been chosen the game's outstanding player. "Me!" he said. "I don't believe it. I did not deserve it. Luck."

"If I can wake him up?" Selke says. "He kids himself that if he's feeling well, he's at the right weight. You don't feel well at the right weight. You're chubby. But he makes so much money! [Richard's salary is estimated at \$30,000.] He's wonderful to sign," Selke says. "How much do you want? I ask. 'How much do you want to give me?' he says. I always give him a little more than anyone else I hear about through the grapevine. He has done so much for the game." Richard's annual income has been estimated at \$60,000, total

worth at \$300,000. He is a public relations man for Dew Brewery and Quebec Natural Gas, has part interest in a store which sells gas appliances, has bought a tavern which he is calling No. 9 after his uniform number and referees professional wrestling matches. "They're smart guys, the wrestlers," he says. "Ninety percent of them are educated. I know most of the guys. I like them. I wrestle a lot with Boom Boom [Geoffrion] in the room. Do a lot of crazy things."

"I've been in hockey 53 years and I've never had an aging athlete admit he was through," Selke says. "He misses passes he never missed. He taps the puck like a golfer. He never did that. He's got too big in the middle. I'd bench him. He'd damn well get in shape. I wouldn't sign him for another year. I wouldn't let him make a fool of himself in front of a crowd." Richard had played ineptly the night before, and Selke, like a proud, rigorous, loving father, spoke not in intemperate anger but with old, gruff affection, hurt by loss and memory. If his Maurice wanted to play next year, he would probably relent.

"If I make bad," Richard says, "people will talk. I like to leave the game before people criticize me, boo me. When I'm ready, I'll go tell Mr. Selke. Fifty percent of goals are luck. You have to work for the others. I used to be like that. I lost all that. I used to skate a little better, go around the fence a little better. I've got to watch myself. I don't want to get another accident. The day of the game I'm afraid to get hit. I know when I feel that it is getting close to the end. Everyone should wear helmets. It's just up in the mind. It would be a good thing. It's a dangerous spot, the head. We've tried; they bothered us, were too warm. But if everybody wore them it would be the same."

"I have to work so hard all the time," he says. "When a guy is a natural he doesn't have to drive and force himself. Some guys. . . . If Howe would work a little harder, he'd be better."

"He used to be a whirlwind," says Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings. "Now he's just a whirlwind half the time. But when he's not doing a lot, you notice it. Not like the others."

"I'm a little too old to be called Rocket," says Maurice Richard.

"I first saw him in 1942," says Reardon. "I was playing for an Army team. I see this guy skating at me with wild, bloody hair the way he had it then, eyes just outside the net frame. 'I'll take this guy,' I said to myself. He went around me like a hoop around a barrel. 'Who's that?' I asked after the game. 'That's Maurice Richard,' the guy said. 'He's a pretty good hockey player.' 'Yes,' I said, 'he is.'"

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

"When he's worked up," says Selke, "his eyes gleam like headlights. Not a glow, but a piercing intensity. Goalies have said he's like a motorcar coming on you at night. He is terrifying. He is the greatest hockey player that ever lived. I can contradict myself by saying that 10 or 15 do the mechanics of play better. But it's results that count. Others play well, build up, eventually get a goal. He is like a flash of lightning. It's a fine summer day, suddenly. . . ."

"Holy Dirty Dora!" says Montreal Coach Toe Blake. "You got to give it to the fellow. The fellow was fantastic. That's why you got to give it to the fellow. That will!"

"In all my experience in athletics, academic pursuits, business," says National Hockey League President Clarence S. Campbell, "I've never seen a man so completely dedicated to the degree he is. Many people who prosper take prosperity for granted."

RICHARD (WHITE) SKATES OFF FROM



He doesn't to this day. He is the best hockey player he can be every second. You know, he is the eldest of a fairly extensive family raised in relative poverty. Back of it all, somehow or other, he was going to lift himself, one way or another. He has an inner urge to transcend."

"He is not the Pope, . . ." says Camil Des Roches, the Canadiens' publicity man, wistfully.

"He is God," says Selke.

Richard is regarded in Canada as no athlete in the United States. He is not only a sports idol, he is the national idol, particularly among the French-speaking people of Montreal and the province of Quebec. When Maurice Richard scores a goal in the Forum, even an insignificant goal in a meaningless game, it touches off a unique celebration. First, an astonishing, prolonged din of cheering and applause, then newspapers, programs, garlands, hats are thrown onto the ice. Richard skates in abstracted, embarrassed, lonely circles through the heavy snow of objects. The game has to be stopped until the attendants clear the ice. But adulation sits on him like an uneasy crown.

"Nothing goes in my head," he says. "I don't believe in anything. It's nice. I like to forget about it. I don't think I deserve it. That's my whole trouble all the years. It's just the way it went. There are better hockey players but they don't work as hard. I like to win."

"We were playing Toronto once in

a benefit softball game," Selke says. "Instead of just using the Maple Leaf players, they used the best softball players they had in their entire organization. They were beating us 25-5. Maurice was playing third base. Someone laughed about the score. 'You might think it's funny getting licked 25-5 in front of 14,000 spectators,' Maurice said to him. 'I don't think it's a bit funny.'"

A DIFFERENT LIFE

"I never did like to see anybody laughing," Richard says, "making a farce out of something. I don't like to lose. They won't forget about me but when they stop writing about you, when they stop talking, it won't be the same. It will be a different life. I like to meet people, but not to talk about hockey when we had a bad game and lost. I stay away from everybody and go home. That's why I like fishing, to be quiet. When I'm traveling around the provinces I go fly-fishing for an hour or two at night. Hunting is nice, too, because I like to be in the woods. They all talking about you but I don't like it. In front of me, it feels funny. Another player, they wouldn't have done it. But I'm afraid to let the French people down. That's why I'm worried out. Before, I could work hard, follow everybody. I don't want to be kept on the ice through sympathy."

"He is more important than the cardinal or Duplessis," explains one fan. "There are many cardinals. Duplessis was only the head man of

Quebec. Maurice Richard was not only the best of the French but of the English as well. He came to epitomize the desire of superiority of the French Canadian nationalists. He was one of their best expressions. But you must understand that he has no personal interest in it. Maurice Richard never did a thing to accentuate it. He was a person to fix their eyes. Here was a demonstration."

While an idol, Richard has also been a figure of controversy. He fought a lot on the ice, violently and well, although the sight of blood makes him ill. "I see myself bleeding or anyone else bleeding," he says, "I feel funny. Once I put my hand on a little kid and I passed out." In 1955, after a series of incidents culminating in the slugging of a linesman, Campbell suspended him for the last three regular season games and the playoffs. That decision caused the notorious Forum riot and inspired a ballad to the tune of Abdel Abdel Amir:

*Now our hero has had his fair
And our team is disgraced,
But these hot-headed outlaws
won't mer
Or coming home on the bench
and
Of Maurice: The Killer:
Richard.*

Richard has also been called aloof, sullen, moody, peculiar, uncommunicative, tight. "I'm ungrateful," says Richard, cheerfully. "He is difficult with difficult people," says Junior Langlois, a teammate.

"His difficulty was the language barrier, a very modest formal education and the displacement of no war service," the fan says. "He was tagged with aspersion."

"Somewhere at the back of his mind," says Selke, "there is a feeling that someone is trying to put it over on him. He has a tremendous dread of poverty."

"You can say that again," Richard says, laughing.

"You can say a lot of things to Maurice," Selke says, "but you got to be careful of your adjectives. Maurice just can't take anything. If he could, he would not be Maurice Richard. Prentz makes him! But there is no measure in Maurice Richard. He's 100% solid gold; someone you'd be proud to have as the husband of one of your daughters; faithful, devoted."

ron kornbl

ENTIRE RANGER TEAM AFTER SCORING ITS 60TH GOAL IN NEW YORK, NOV. 28, 1952



"For 15 years he's been a law unto himself," Beardon says. "He has been so good he didn't have to do the things others did. The time hasn't come when he realizes he's human and has to do the things everyone else does. But if he wasn't so obstinate, he couldn't have done the things he has done. He was watched, watched, watched until he finally blew. There are more sly ways to get at a man with the stick. The stick stings. You know who gave it to you. When he blew, he blew good. No one could have taken it as long as he did and done less about it."

"It's different," says Richard. "Today they don't have to bother me like before. But every fight I've been in, every suspension, I was not the first. I'm not the type to hit a guy. Many times I don't like a guy, but I get on the ice I forget all about it. Now it's no use to fight. Ten minutes, \$25 fine. If you keep fighting too long, they send you out. It's a match penalty, \$100 fine."

"I told him," says Selkie. "You don't prove anything at your age to take on a young back. You win? You've won so many fights already. You lose? They'll say you let a buddy rounder lick the cock of the walk."

"I am a very quiet man," says Richard. "At the beginning of my career I didn't know what the English people were talking about. Even today, I like to go somewhere and want to go somewhere, but they ask me to make a speech. I like to, but I am a man of few words."

"Richard the sphinx?" says Beardon. "He used to ride all the way to Chicago, sitting in the corner. He didn't even read a book. Henri, his brother, was that way, too. After Henri had been with the club two years, a reporter asked the coach if he could interview him. 'Sure,' he said, 'go ahead.' 'Does he speak English?' the reporter asked. 'Hell,' said Blaise. 'I don't even know if he speaks French.' Maurice is just a great company man. He shows up for the game. Does a great job and disappears into his shell."

"He's like the lion who's let out of the cage twice a week," says Selkie's son, Frank Jr., the Canadiens' public relations man.

Richard's cage is a spacious one-story house by the Bark River on the

rim of Montreal. "I have six kids," he says. "One for each 100 goals. If I have to reach the 100 mark, I'll have to get another one, but I think I'll have to stop. I mean, there's no more on the way yet. My oldest is Huguette. She is 16 and studying to be a beautician. All she does now is ski. She doesn't do her skating anymore. I'd like to do figure skating too, but I'm embarrassed. Then there is Maurice Jr., who is 14. He's good at school. Not too bad. He's a fair hockey player, right wing. He wants to play hockey, too. He is an inch and a half taller than me. Normand is 9. This one is the one that likes every sport. A right wing, too. He's a natural. Just fair in school. Then André, who is 8. He is starting to go to school this year. He's kind of young, but he's all right. Suzanne is 2 and Paul, we call him Paulu, is one. My wife Lucille has missed only



RICHARD sits down in penalty box as official's fingers show two minutes.

two hockey games in 18 years. She was sick for a week this year."

Richard adores children and is, perhaps, most at ease with them. He always carries postcards with his picture on them which he signs and gives away. Children adore Richard. If they are not French, he asks them if they speak French. If they do, they proudly and hurriedly say their few words of high school French and flee with their autographs.

"I never wanted to have a fan club," Richard says, "because of the exploitation. I have fans but no clubs. Instead of the kids spending money on us, let us spend money on them."

Richard often skates with kids or referees their games. "The kids all call this one place where we skate Maurice Richard Park," he says.

"That's not the real name. In Montreal most of the people things are

named after are dead people. Parents should spend more time watching their kids play," he says. "I come out after the game starts and stand hidden in a corner. I like to play with them in the park. The kids get such a kick out of it. They talk of nothing else for a week afterward."

One night in Detroit several weeks ago, Richard sat at the bar in a steak house with some business friends. "When I get friends," he says, "I keep them and stay with them all the time." He had been telling his friends about Varadero Beach in Cuba, groping for words to describe its beauty. "The wife and I were swimming 50 or 60 feet offshore," he said. "Fish of all different colors came around us and touched our legs. The wife got scared. It was so beautiful. The water was all different colors—" Suddenly he stopped and drank his screwdriver. "You never know what you want to do in life, eh," he said. "I'm fed up with hockey, I don't want to skate anymore."

"You said that last year," a friend said.

"And four years ago," Richard said, and smiled thinly.

"No, I'm not fed up with hockey," he said, as he walked back the dark blocks to his hotel through the snow in his deep-blue overcoat and a hat with a red feather in the band. "That's my living. I'm fed up with the traveling, the fear of accidents, the—I—Good night," he said, "I'm going to watch *The Late Show* until I get sleepy."

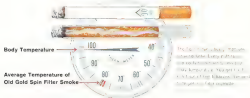
There is a poster on the wall of the Canadiens' dressing room in the Forum. It is a quotation from Abraham Lincoln. It reads, in part, "—I do the very best I know how—the very best I can—and I mean to keep on doing so until the end."

"I read that almost every game," Richard says. "Dick Irvin [the late Montreal coach] put that up. It's right in front of me."

At the NHL meeting last year there was some facetious talk of the end, the day when Richard would get so old Montreal would no longer protect him and he would be available for the \$20,000 waiver price. "I'd pay \$20,000 for him," said Phil Watson, then coach of the New York Rangers. "I'd put him in a glass case in Madison Square Garden and say, 'Pay your money and take a good look at the great Maurice Richard!'"

END

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What is Your 1960 Golf I.Q.?

You may have played golf for years and think you have all the answers, but do you? The USGA rule book this year contains important changes, one of which has already cost Wes Ellis \$600 at Palm Springs. Ellis played a provisional ball, correct under 1959 rules but wrong in 1960. Will the same thing happen to you? Test yourself, and if you score under 13 you had better look to your rule book.

THE RULES OF GOLF



1960

See inside cover for
HOW TO USE THE RULE BOOK

- 1 A single player is entitled to go through any two-tee, three-tee or four-tee because he can play much faster.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 2 If you're playing a best-ball or four-ball match and your partner doesn't show up, you automatically lose the match.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 3 You can practice on the course on day of match play.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 4 If you get mad and break your putter or throw your driver into the lake, you can send back to the pro shop for replacements.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 5 If a paper cup interferes with your stroke in a hazard, you have to play the ball as it lies.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 6 If you hit your ball out of bounds, it's a one-stroke and distance penalty.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 7 If you hit your tee shot out of bounds, you wait until the others play their first strokes before you tee another ball.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 8 If you lose a ball, there's a stroke and distance penalty.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 9 In stroke play, if you are in doubt about your rights or procedure and elect to play two balls on a hole, you have the choice of using the lower score.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 10 The expression "through the green" includes the tee and green.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 11 In match play, if you play the wrong ball out of a hazard, you lose the hole.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 12 In stroke play, there's no penalty if you play the wrong ball.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

continued

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Equations (1) and (2) were used to estimate the number of cells in each of the four categories, α , β , γ , and δ , and the number of cells in each of the four categories, α , β , γ , and δ , were used to estimate the number of cells in each of the four categories, α , β , γ , and δ .

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*U.S. Post.

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GOLF *cont.*

- 13** If your ball is unplayable, you have the option to lose stroke and distance or one stroke for dropping directly behind unplayable position.

下载次数: _____ 浏览量: _____

- 14** You can play a provisional ball if you think your other ball is unplayable or in a water hazard.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 15** If a dog picks up your ball and drops it nearer the hole, you play it where the dog drops it.

TREE_____ VALUE_____

- 16** If, in match play, your ball hits your caddy, you apologize and play out the hole.

NAME _____ PHONE _____

- 17** If you cut the ball badly during the play of a hole, you have to continue using it until you hole out.

TIME _____ PAGE _____

- 18 If, when you drop a ball, it rolls into a hazard or out of bounds, you suffer the consequences.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____

- 19** You can clean the ball on the green only if it is allowed by a local rule.

TRUE_____ FALSE_____

- 20** You can repair ball marks anywhere on the green, even if they're in your line of putt.

姓名: _____ 学号: _____

- 21** If flagstick is not attended before a stroke is played, you can ask for flagstick to be removed while ball is in motion.

中图分类号: _____ 文献标识码: _____

- 22** There's a one-stroke penalty if your ball moves on putting green while removing loose impediment.

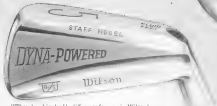
DATE _____ NAME _____

- 23** In match play, if your opponent's ball is closer to the hole, he can putt out before you do.

TIME _____ / PAGE _____

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NOW SCORE YOUR GOLF I.Q.

Our point for each correct answer

- 1 **FALSE** A single player has no standing and should give way to a match of any kind (Etiquette).
- 2 **FALSE** You can represent your side, the committee willing (Definitions, 28).
- 3 **TRUE** Provided the committee doesn't object (Rule 8-3, Note 2, New, 1960).
- 4 **FALSE** Only those clubs which become unfit in the normal course of play can be replaced (Rule 3).
- 5 **FALSE** It may be removed. Movable artificial obstruction (Rule 21).
- 6 **FALSE** Distance only (Rule 29-1, New, 1960, USGA only; Royal and Ancient Golf Club still adds stroke penalty).
- 7 **TRUE** (Rule 12-3).
- 8 **FALSE** Loss of distance only (Rule 29-1, New, 1960, USGA only; Royal and Ancient Golf Club still adds stroke penalty).
- 9 **FALSE** Before playing a stroke with either ball, competitor must announce which ball he wants to score with if the Rules permit (Rule 11-5).
- 10 **FALSE** "Through the green" doesn't include teeing ground, putting green of the hole being played or any hazards on the course (Definitions, 24).

continued on page 41



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regular, yet gives you the "old" Chevy's famous for).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (you get long-lived, bonded-lining brakes that stop quicker with less pedal pressure—another important way this new Chevrolet has of looking after your welfare).

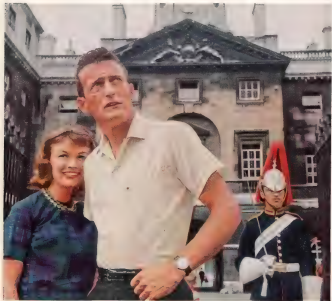


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—ARROW—

- 11 **FALSE** No penalty in a hazard, but you must go back and play your own ball (Rule 21-2).
- 12 **FALSE** Two-stroke penalty added (except in a hazard). You must go back and play your own ball (Rule 21-3).
- 13 **TRUE** (Rule 23-2, New, 1960, USGA only; not accepted by Royal and Ancient Golf Club).
- 14 **FALSE** Play of a provisional ball is permissible only if original ball is lost or out of bounds (Rule 30, New, 1960, USGA only; not accepted by Royal and Ancient Golf Club).
- 15 **FALSE** You must return the ball to where the dog (person, animal or moving vehicle) picked it up. If ball isn't returned, drop another ball as near as possible to original position. No penalty (Rule 26-1).
- 16 **FALSE** You apologize, but you also lose the hole (Rule 26-2a).
- 17 **FALSE** You inform your opponent (or a referee) of your intention to replace it (Rule 28).
- 18 **FALSE** You may redrop without penalty (Rule 22-2c).
- 19 **FALSE** You can clean the ball at any time on the green (Rule 35-1d, New, 1960).
- 20 **TRUE** By any method except by stepping on the damaged area (Rule 35-1c, New, 1960).
- 21 **FALSE** Flagstick cannot be touched under those circumstances (Rule 34-1, New, 1960).
- 22 **FALSE** No penalty (Rule 35-1b, New, 1960).
- 23 **FALSE** You can make opponent take shot over in his proper turn. Maybe this time he'll miss the putt (Rule 35-2b).

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Miseries of the Moose

He's one of the most powerful men in the major leagues, but the Yankees' first baseman gets injured so often and so easily that he's a perennial question mark for the New Yorkers

MEET Moose Skowron, 6 feet tall, 200 pounds, bandages included. When his wrist is not broken, when his back is not aching and when his muscles, of which he seems to have twice as many as most first basemen, are in good order, Moose plays first base for the New York Yankees. To the regret of the Yankees, such times are rare. Something is always happening to the Moose.

Just last week, for instance, the Yankees were taking batting practice at Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg. A tall rookie was pitching when Skowron took his turn at bat. The first pitch was slow and over the plate, and Skowron bunted. Then the rookie wound up and threw his very best fast ball. It sailed right at Moose's head. Twisting and falling away, Skowron managed to take the pitch on the shoulder instead of the ear. It hurt, but he was all right. When the next batter, Elston Howard, stepped into the cage, he asked the catcher where the pitch had hit Skowron.

"Shoulder," said the catcher.

"Thank God," said Howard softly, shaking his head.

Moose's physical welfare concerns all the Yankee players. When he is healthy he plays, when he plays he hits home runs, and when he hits home runs it helps the Yankees to win pennants and make money. Skowron has played with the Yankees for six seasons, and in only one of those, 1955, was he able to get through the year without a sidelining injury. Two of his injuries were especially severe. Late in the 1957 season, he hurt his back in the area around

the base of the spine while lifting an air conditioner. Recurrences of that injury have plagued him periodically ever since. Last July, his left wrist was smashed when he collided with the base runner while reaching for a throw from third base. The injury put him out for the season.

This spring, however, Skowron feels fine. His back, supported by a baby-blue surgical corset, is not aching. His wrist, secretly operated on during the winter to relieve pressure on a nerve, is mended and strong again. In practice he has been hammering at the ball in his customary manner.

One day recently after the Yankees' morning workout, Moose Skowron sat in the sun outside the clubhouse digesting his lunch of cold cuts and hard-boiled eggs.

HIGH COST OF HURTING

"Everybody wants to know about my injuries," he said in answer to a question. "The way some people talk, you'd think I enjoy getting hurt. Hell, every time something happens to me it costs me money. When I go in to discuss a contract for a new season they say, 'Look, Moose, you only played in 70 games last year.' The worst of it is I always get hurt when I'm going real good. Think that's any fun? But I guess I really shouldn't complain. There's little kids a lot worse off than I am. Paralyzed from the waist down and things. But I still don't like getting hurt."

Last October the Yankee management sent its battered Moose to the Mayo Clinic for a complete examination. He spent a week there, soak-

ing his wrist in whirlpool baths and having tests made on his back. The doctors found nothing chronically wrong with him but suggested he try swimming to develop more elasticity in his muscles.

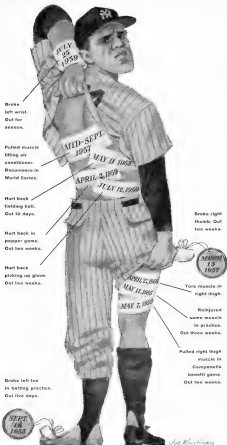
"I didn't know how to swim," Moose said. "I almost drowned when I was a kid and after that I was always afraid of the water. But I went to the Ridgewood YMCA and took lessons from a lady instructor there. After that I went swimming three times a week. I'm still not too good at it, though."

Despite the whirlpool baths and the swimming, Skowron's left wrist was still painful and stiff in January. Gus Mauch, the Yankee trainer, invited him to Kissimmee, Fla., where Mauch runs a school for trainers. Skowron flew down and let Mauch go to work on him.

"I massaged that wrist for two hours a day," said Mauch in his office, which smelled strongly of liniment. "I subjected it to passive and active exercises. I'll show you. Give me your wrist." Mauch's professional fingers began to pinch, pummel and probe. "This is a passive exercise. When I did this to Moose you could hear the adhesions breaking up." Mauch stopped the massaging and cracked his knuckles. "Sounded just like that. I also had to exercise the forearm. Supinate and pronate, one side up, then the other."

"Then came the active exercises. Moose and I would sit down, clasp hands—his left, my right—and bend each other's wrist back and forth, very gently of course. Just like Indian wrestling."

"After five days Moose was able to play pepper with some of the boys in the baseball school down there. By the end of the two weeks, he was taking batting practice and hitting



Diagrams by Joe Kopyson

them"—Mauch's hand slipped out and up—"like that."

Another man who has become closely involved with Skowron's physical misfortunes is Dr. Sidney Gaynor, who repairs broken Yankees. Dr. Gaynor is attached to the New York hospital where Skowron is sent every time something happens to him. ("They know me by now," says Moose. "They always say, 'Well, back again.'") Gaynor spends every March in Florida to take care of the wave of minor ailments that inevitably occur during spring training.

"I have warned Skowron that he must warm up properly before practice," Gaynor said, sitting under a palm tree watching the squad work out. "Sometimes Moose isn't too careful about things like that. He should loosen up his muscles before he throws a ball or swings a bat. Sometimes he forgets."

Many of Skowron's injuries, especially those to his back, have occurred while he was performing some incidental act, like picking up his glove, catching a ball, playing pepper or running out a hit. That is what worries the Yankees the most. There is the feeling that at any time, anywhere, doing just about anything, Skowron can get hurt. When Skowron signed his contract this winter, one New York writer noted that he had managed to sign his name without breaking his arm. Such humor does not amuse Skowron.

"I'm not self-conscious about my injuries," he says defensively. "And you can bet I'm not going to take it easy out there. I don't play that way. I'm not going to try to avoid any collisions at first base. Sometimes I'll get them, sometimes they'll get me. I'm not going to shy away from it. If an injury ends my career, well, that's the way it ends."

END

Bonnie whirlwind

THE CITY of Pittsburgh—busy for a decade on its well-known municipal-planning renaissance—moved into a new chapter. Civic groups invited Bonnie Prudden, of New York's Institute for Physical Fitness, to come to town for four days of lectures

and demonstrations. Pittsburghers in all walks of life braved storms of blizzard proportions to watch and learn in what became for Bonnie a round-the-clock whirlwind. One result: A Pittsburgh determination to launch 50 coordinated youth-fitness clinics.



OVERNIGHT NEWSMAN who turned up at 10 a.m. for story gets self-reducing tip.



NEXT, Bonnie switches to TV, a puppet show, gets puppeteer himself into the act.



DURING radio interview, Bonnie gives the commentator aids for his own stiff back.



BONNIE dashes off to the next program date.



AFTER another radio chat, commentator asks, "What can I do?"



CAUGHT IN ACT, wired friends-junkies: Prudden after four public-affairs lectures.



ANOTHER TV audience brings fitness doctrine to some more home viewers.



BONNIE guides high-school girls in a drill.



YORK MEMBERS, also sponsors of fitness, discuss the shoulder shrug.



TV STATION intimacy tries relating knee bend.



TV WEATHER GIRL, Eleanor Feltman from "Executive Series" puts up.



TEEN-AGERS get active advice, demonstration at downtown YMCA.



PRESS CLUBBERS, at late meeting, decide that it's not just the kids who need to start a tip.



JAYCEES, co-sponsors of the Pittsburgh campaign, get lively lunchtime lecture by Bosack.



VOCATIONAL SCHOOL students, an hour and three quarters later, watch as some of their classmates try a few of Bosack's exercises.



AN HOUR LATER panting youngster declares, "It's rough!"



EVENING workout at Carnegie Tech gets the message.



2nd DAY
ELEMENTARY school youngsters begin day with vigor lessons.



PRINCIPAL and gym teacher try out some Prudden exercises themselves.



OVER TEN, at Downtown YMCA public-affairs forum, prove they're still youthful.



SKI CLUB members get exercises for balance.



SKI SESSION lasts late. President called Russian "round face" shouting victory. Even the drinkers in back listened raptly."



3rd DAY
ANOTHER high school is central. The phatig ended an active morning.



CANTEN MEN follow their TV guide.



4th DAY

BROWNE TROOP, on TV program *Nighty Night*, concentrates on fitness as Bantle and Browne members show how.



YOUNGSTERS get a Transpolar session at Downtown Y.



PARENTS, children and grandmothers, at local YMCA sessions, learn how to lose midriff fat, and find it fun.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

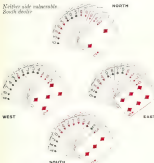
Pierre Albarran

EUROPE lost her most widely followed bridge authority late last month when Pierre Albarran died in Paris. American tennis fans will recall Albarran as a member of the French Olympic tennis team of 1924 and the Davis Cup team of 1931. Bridge followers will remember him as the star of the French team that won the European Bridge Championship in 1935.

Nineteen times champion of France, Albarran originated the "canapé" theory (bidding the shorter suit first and longer suit second, so that partner may pass the second bid with a weak hand) which is much followed by Europe's experts, including the world champion Italians. He was the author of several successful bridge books and translator of my own book into French.

Shortly before his death he had submitted to me the manuscript of a book which we were to publish jointly in the U.S. This week's hand is from that book. It is one that we played as partners when we were teammates at Cannes only a few years ago.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	1♠	PASS	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade 4

Albarran chose this hand to make an important point: watch your opponents carefully. His bidding was reasonable enough and offered him the outside chance that the opposition might decide to make the sacrifice bid of four spades. In his own system the opening bid would have been one spade.

It seemed to Albarran, playing South, that if he trumped a low spade in dummy and gave up one trump, one diamond and one club he could make his contract. But West had chosen to lead into the teeth of South's spades, and East, a somewhat demonstrative type, far from looking displeased had squared himself comfortably in his chair with a tranquil and satisfied look on his face. So Albarran deduced that East could twice overruff dummy—which would place him with the king and 10 of hearts!

So far, so good. But how to make the best use of the deduction? South won the first trick with the spade jack, cashed the ace and led the king, discarding a club from dummy. East ruffed as Albarran expected and back came a club. Albarran rose with his ace, led his losing 8 of spades and once again discarded a club from dummy, the loser-on-loser play which he used to call the Nameless Coup.

South still had a sure diamond loser, but, by having discarded two clubs while surrendering two spades, he was able to trump his low club in dummy. This gave him back a trick he had given away, and also provided the essential entry to dummy with which to take the heart finesse. When that finesse succeeded, Albarran had brought home an "impossible" contract—the kind that always gives the expert the greatest pleasure. For Albarran, who delighted in guessing from their actions what his opponents held, the hand was doubly satisfying. As he often said, "The advantage of a poker face is not confined to poker."

I never had the pleasure of playing with Albarran in his halcyon days, but they must have been something. When we played together at Cannes, Albarran was supposedly past his prime, but he was still the master. He temporarily abandoned his system and conferred upon me the courtesy of playing mine. This didn't ruffle his game in the least. He played with the grace and judgment of a man who had been born into the method and left the gallery fully persuaded that we were a partnership of long standing. The bridge world is the poorer for his loss.

549



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as restful as a championship tennis match
as eager as a fencer's foil
as joyful as a colt
as exhilarating as an Alpine climb
as distinctive as a winner.*

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- ☛ TRIG has a clean smell and a neat roll-on applicator.



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CARRIED AWAY NEAR THE END OF CLOSE GAME, A UCLA FAN LEAPS

The mad, mad game

Coaches, players and crowds show signs of cracking up in an exciting season's big finale

THE GAME was originally devised 65 years ago as a relaxing frolic for teen-age boys and some of the younger tired businessmen of Springfield, Mass. But on the eve of the big tournaments and the lesser ones that inflame the populations of small towns up and down the country, there was mounting evidence to suggest that the excitement of basketball are becoming too much for some American nervous systems to bear. Crowds were beginning to act and sound like the pro-lion rooting section in the Colosseum of ancient Rome. Coaches, tra-

ditionally the cool heads that prevail over youthful exuberance, were blowing their tops, clutching at their ulcers, pulling their teams off the floor, writing out their resignations.

Coach Joe Stump of the University of Chicago (longtime champion of de-emphasized athletics) refused to let his team go on the floor for the second half of a game with Washington University in St. Louis. He charged that he had detected in the referee "a predetermined feeling as to what should happen." The score, tied at 29-29, was thereupon posted as a 2-0 forfeit in favor of Washington. This did nothing to appease the crowd, which had been enjoying what it believed to be a good game, nor did it comfort the five Washington seniors



HARD RIGHT TO THE JAW OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S KEN STANLEY

who were playing the last game of their college careers. Later, athletic directors of both universities deplored the action of the supersensitive coach who, it is to be presumed, will be invited to look for less distressing work.

Earlier, in Bowling Green, Ky., Coach Paul McBrayer of Eastern Kentucky had taken his team off the floor, forfeiting the game. He said he had observed Coach Ed Diddle of Western Kentucky lay a hand in anger on an Eastern Kentucky player. An excited radio sportscaster reported how "a jeering mob . . . with hatred-filled faces . . . threw snowballs with venomous fury" as the Eastern Kentucky players ran for their bus.

UCLA and Southern California eliminated their seasons with a five-minute riot which resulted in three players from Southern Cal and two from UCLA being banished from the game before UCLA won out 73-76. Thereafter in this game (see above) followed the

pattern of a brawl that marked a recent Manhattan-New York University game at New York's Madison Square Garden which moved one spectator to observe, "Best fight I've ever seen in the Garden."

Elsewhere, basketball crowds were inventing more and more techniques for agitating players and coaches. In the North Carolina-North Carolina State game at Raleigh, a fan released a bat with a small pennant reading "Beat Carolina?" In Mississippi State's games at Starkville, Miss., the thing is to create a monumental din with cowbells or on occasion to bang a plowshare with a hammer. At St. Louis University trumpeters regularly blast away when a visiting player tries for a free throw.

Coaches were dropping off like flies. Phil Woolpert quit the University of San Francisco on doctor's orders. Ross Giudice, his successor, hinted broadly

continued

The Tapered Shirt with roll-up sleeves



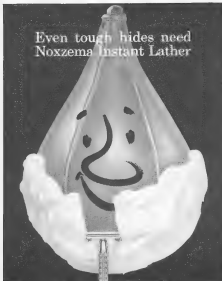
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BASKETBALL continued

that he would resign at the end of the season to go into the furniture business. Pete Newell, a notorious towel chaser, announced that he was giving up coaching to become athletic director at California. San Jose State's Walt McPherson said that this would be his final season in basketball. He will take over as coach of the golf team. In New York, Joe Lapchick, coach of St. John's, announced that he had found a potion that seemed



A TOWEL-CHEWER, California's Pete Newell won't be coaching next season.



A TEAR-SHEDDER, Duke's Vic Bubas collapses on shoulder of man he defeated.

to be helping the dizzy spells that plague him during the season. It's a tall glass of vermouth and bitters.

Nobody, it seems, quite appreciates the anguish and travail of a coach—except another coach. When Vic Bubas' Duke University team beat Bones McKinney's Wake Forest team in the final of the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament the other evening, Bubas ran out on the floor, put his head on McKinney's shoulder and cried (see story).

END



PHIL TAYLOR, Victoria Golf Club, Victoria, B. C.

Tip from the Top

Stepping on the spot

PEOPLE SAY IT different ways: "Keep your head down." "You piked your head up." "Keep your eye on the ball." "Just hit the ball, we'll watch it." The phrases are familiar and have been with us since the beginning of golf. Undoubtedly, they will continue to be trotted out as long as the game is played. For looking up to see where the ball is going, even before it is hit, is the most common fault in golf.

The best cure for the bad habit is to develop a superior swing. If you are on balance and in position, it is natural to look at the ball. However, for the average player who has his limitations, I recommend a practice I call "stepping on the spot." At address, and while he is launching his swing, the golfer should focus on the ball. As he hits through it, he should keep his eye on the spot where the ball was. Then, while he is still over the ball at the completion of his swing, his next move should be to step on the spot where the ball was, with his right foot, before lifting his head to see where the ball went. The move may seem awkward, but it will pay off.

You can't do anything else but keep your head down if you are concentrating on stepping on the spot. You can view this as a cure for shanking too. During the 50 years I have been teaching the game, I have found stepping on the spot an excellent remedy for both faults.



NEXT TIP: Move your feet on strengthening the left arm.

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Robt. Burns

5 popular shapes—
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Correct comma is essential to start exercise. Feet must be together, body and arms relaxed.



Tips slide downhill when Schaeffler leans back, turns ankles outward so that skis are flat on snow.



Skier's track crosses slope in series of shallow turns. Numbers show position at each stage of the exercise.



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: In Wedeln, I find that the first two turns in a series are the hardest. Is there an exercise that will help me get my shortswing going without using a stem or making a strong jump?

ANSWER: You are probably relying too much on your poles and not using enough counter-swing or heel push to start the turn. Pick out a gentle, well-packed slope, and start across it in the comma position (1). Then lean back slightly. This will unweight the tips of your skis so that they will slide downhill (2). Finally, with full weight on the downhill ski, pull your downhill shoulder and hip quickly back and make a strong heel thrust (3). Return to the comma position and repeat the sequence over and over until the movements blend and the skis carve a snake's track (below left) across the snow.

Drawn by Bert Schaeffler



Heel push, started by counter-swing with shoulders, produces parallel turn with no help from pole.

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 IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



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NEGRO BALLPLAYER

Continued from page 19

year you win the pennant.' And you know what? I won the pennant! I won the pennant!"

Should you be sane enough to suggest that Pomp is laying it on a bit, he becomes indignant. "That's the truth," he says. "You know Mike Gonzalez [the former Cardinal coach]? You know why they say Gonzalez' team wins all the time in the Cuban League? Because he got a goat buried under second base!"

A few clubs are beginning to realize that the Latin Negro comes from a different world. The Giants, for instance, will put an American Negro on a farm team in the South, but they won't do that with a Latin Negro because they are "afraid that segregation might sour a foreign Negro on the U.S. as a whole." Oddly enough, Latin Negroes are starting to outnumber American Negroes in the minor leagues. Of the 17 Negroes currently in the Giant farm system, 19 are Latin. Of the 31 Negroes in the Cincinnati farm system, 17 are Latin.

In the minors and the majors the American Negro players "hang kind of close." On some clubs there are leaders, on others there are not. There is, for example, no leader on the Giants. "I think they're all leaders over

there," says George Crowe of the Cardinals, laughing. "It's like an army with all generals." (Mays, the logical leader, goes his own way.) The main leaders are Bill Braton on the Braves, Brooks Lawrence on the Reds and Crowe. A budding leader is Bill White of St. Louis. Negro players expect White, a onetime premedial student, to become a "big man" once he gets a couple more years experience in the league.

Crowe is the big man now. He's been around ("Way, he's from the state of New York," says one player in awe), he's smart, he's level-headed, he has a sense of responsibility and he feels a concern for youngsters coming up. If he were white he'd be tabbed as a coach or manager.

UNDER GEORGE'S WING

Crowe formerly played for Cincinnati, and he was the leader there. Center Fielder Vada Pinson told me that when he joined the Reds, Crowe "took me right under his wing. He came up to me and said, 'If there are any problems, you come to me. I'm your father, your big daddy up here.' He was serious." Later on, Pinson said, "Something would come up about going somewhere, and he would say, 'You don't want to do that,' or, 'We're supposed to be in bed then.' He'd be around ravedropping while

another guy would be talking to me, and after we were through talking, he come up to me and say, 'What did you think of what he said?' And I'd say it was good or bad, and he'd tell me what he thought. He was the big daddy. When I see him now, I call him Dad. We look up to him."

Asked about what Pinson had said, Crowe said, "I like to see everybody keep their nose clean. And when you have fellows who are coming along who are new to this, I'm glad to give guidance. So naturally I introduced myself." Asked what sort of problems a youngster like Pinson would have, Crowe spread his hands, smiled and said, "Everybody has problems. Life itself is a problem." Crowe is likely to do much the same thing for youngsters on other clubs. "If I know a kid coming up with the Braves," he said, "I'd say to Braton, 'Look out for this kid. Show him the places to eat. Don't leave him stand in the hotel. Take him to the movies. Find out what he likes to do.'" Crowe has a sense of responsibility as a "race" man. If, for example, the players get an invitation to make a public appearance, he always tries to get a Negro player to attend. If none can, he goes himself.

With such a sense of oneness, it is no wonder that the Negro players have what might be called an infer-



SEGREGATED IN FLORIDA. St. Louis Negro players live in a comfortable, rented house in the colored section of St. Petersburg.



At right, George Crowe (wearing cap and glasses) plays cards on porch with Dick Ricketta, Bill White and Curt Flood.

and code of behavior. For example:

- A Negro player does not "get the process"—i.e., have his hair straightened. Any player who gets the process is ridiculed back into line. "That's for entertainers, not ballplayers."

- A Negro player does not criticize another Negro player in front of a white. "Whites talk about each other like dogs," says one. "We don't. Don't you ever ask me about a colored ballplayer. I may hate him, but that's none of your business."

- A Negro player does not mention a girl by name, not even in front of a third Negro. He will say, "You know that party I was out with." I first put this down to a sense of gallantry, but Mays corrected me. "Our circle's so small," he said, "the stray guy listening may be going out with the girl, too."

- Negro players share with one another. "When you're on the road, you never worry," says a player. "If you need anything, so-and-so will give it to you. And there's no salary jealousy. The best paid player's Mays. He makes \$55,000 a year, and every man is happy to see him with it." Last season, many Negro players automatically headed for Mays's home when they reached San Francisco. They had dinner, then helped him move in records, cards and whatever else Mays had received from admirers. "A lot of colored guys don't get that, so I give them to them," Mays says.

- Negro players do not fight each other. "You watch a fight," says one. "All the players will come out, and what we do is perk out one of our men run up and put it on. We're laughing and hugging, and the white guys are shugging each other. We just hug. We don't try to harm each other. We got to make a living. You hardly ever see two colored guys fighting. It happens, but you hardly ever see it. Watch Mays in a fight. He's circling around, circling around, pretending he's looking for someone. Shame, we're not looking for anyone. Unless it's a guy to pull away."

This does not mean that Negroes do not play hard in a game, particularly against one another. "Negroes play harder against Negroes than against whites," says a Negro pitcher. "I'd rather anybody in the world get a hit off me than Mays or Aaron. If they hit, they tease me about it, and that doesn't go down well with me."



UNSEGREGATED IN CALIFORNIA. Negro player (standing) teams up with "white opponent" but not the Sportsman Club for a basketball game at Los Angeles.

The only time a Negro will take it easy is on a barnstorming tour. Last fall I accompanied a Negro team playing a white team in Mexico, and before I joined the tour I expected the Negroes to go all out to beat the white team. But they didn't, and they admitted this. "That white team hustles all the time," a Negro player said. "We're laid down a hell of a lot. But not during the season. You know what would happen if we laid down during the season, don't you?" Another player said, "The whites seem to really want to beat us. They get ahead, they really pour it on. I know that's true because all the guys have talked about it. We know we've got a better team, even though we may take it a little easy, and when we've got a big crowd, we'll beat them."

As a matter of fact, they take it so easy barnstorming that they refused to allow Pinson, a youngster who

doesn't know how to stop hustling, to make a trip. Pinson was told, "It's best you don't go. You wouldn't know how to play it. You wouldn't know how to slow down." Poor Pinson doesn't know how to slow down when he hits a homer. Once last year he sprinted all the way home even though he saw the ball clear the fence as he was rounding second. When he got back to the bench Frank Robinson, Cincinnati's Negro first baseman, said, "Listen, kid, you'd better just stick to singles and leave those long balls to cats who can act them out."

As with any intimate group, the Negro major leaguers have their own private nicknames. A few of them are known to white players. Don Newcombe, for instance, is Tiger to white and Negro players alike, and Mays is called Buck, not Willie, by Giants of both races. "Anyone who knows me

—continued

well calls me Back," Mays says. Among the Negroes themselves, George Crowe is Old Folks, Willie Kirkland is Kingfish, Benjie Daniels is Candyman, Charlie Neal is Sealer, Elston Howard is Steelie, Vada Pinson and Frank Robinson are the T Boys (both own Thunderbirds), Jim Ponder is Road, Gene Baker is The Fugitive, Bob Thorman is Coal Daddy and Monte Irvin is Mugs. Two other Negro players have names that are so racial (probably) in origin that the players keep them absolutely to themselves.

Charlie White, a catcher with Vancouver in the Pacific Coast League, is called the King of the Mullion Men. White, who was up with the Braves briefly, is a great favorite among Negro players because of his humor. When Negro players meet, they'll often swap the latest Charlie White story or begin an outlandish phrase: "As Chazz White used to say." Pempex would not think of booking a barnstorming tour without White. "He's very helpful, in keeping the boys contented," Pempex says.

Slang is a rich field. The words mullion, hog-cutter, drinker and pimp apparently came from the Negro leagues. Drinker and pimp barely survive today. A pimp is a flashy dresser, and a drinker—so Jimmy Banks, a Negro Memphis Red Sox first baseman, told me—is "a feller who can pick it clean. He catches

everything smooth. He can 'drink' it." Banks also told me about some other words, but I have been unable to find them used in the majors. A choo-choo papa was a sharp ballplayer. An acrobat was an awkward feller. A monty was an ugly ballplayer, and a foxy girl was a good-looking girl. Unfortunately, my research came to an abrupt end when I foolishly asked Banks if he had a nickname. "I'm a ballplayer, man," he said as he walked away. "I'm not gonna nickname myself. Man, you have to calm down!"

Mullion and hog-cutter are feasible words. At first, mullion meant an ugly woman, but now it can mean an ugly man "or even a child." The greeting, "What say, mullion?" is standard among Negro players. A hog-cutter is a player who makes a mistake. "Any mistake, that's a hog," Crowe explained. "An error. Throwing to the wrong bag. Going into the bag without sliding. That's when you cut a hog." But, as another player explained, it is possible to cut a hog off the field. "You cut a hog," he said, "by saying something that you have no business saying. You can cut the hog with anybody, but it's how we feel if you cut the hog or not. For example, forgetting where you are. You'll be with whites, and you'll forget, and you'll sound off about a colored fellow, 'that black so-and-so.' And they say, 'Oh, he's cut that pig again.' Not much you can do except try to pass over it—the hog's cut

then. No one has to say anything. You have you cut it. You can cut the hog at a social gathering when you do something very embarrassing. A big hog is when you have a lot of people, men and women, and everyone stops talking at once, and there you are. You're cussing and saying the nastiest things. Well, you've done it again with a king-sized hog. Hog-cutting is filling the most embarrassing moment with the most embarrassing thing."

THE 57 VARIETIES

"Who are the hog-cutters?" I asked.

"A hog-cutter is everywhere," the player said, laughing. "He's more or less at large. How many of us did you say there were?"

"Fifty-seven."

"Then there are 57 hog-cutters," he said, still laughing.

"Are there different kinds of hog-cutters?"

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Bruton and Monte Irvin were the quiet hog-cutters. We called Monte sneaky. We'd be talking in a group, and you'd look up and he'd be gone. You'd say, 'Well, he's gone to cut one of those pigs.'"

"How about Brooks Lawrence?"

"Diplomatic-type hog-cutter, the sneaking kind."

"Bill White?"

"Not a hog-cutter. Only one who isn't."

"Does Newcombe cut a hog?"



BROOKS LAWRENCE (left) and Negroes still together with "closest kindred relations."



NAEFF'S HAL GOODE (right)—the Latin Negroes sometimes nigged among set apart.



BILL WHITE (left)—believed next to only one Negro Crowe as the Negroes' "big fuddy."

"Elephants!"
 "Frank Robinson?"
 "King-size!"
 "Pine?"
 "Just a little pig-cutter, but he's learning."

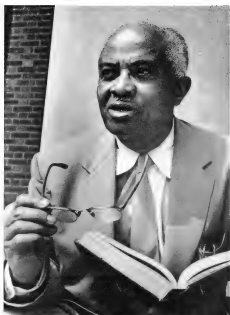
"Covington?"
 "He cuts it—both ways."
 "Banks?"
 "Not any more. He's quiet. But he can cut the hog before you find out the pig has been sliced."

Hog-cutter should not be confused with hot dog, another baseball term. A hot dog is a showboat, a player who calls attention to himself, either through his actions or his attitude. It is a white expression, though Negroes use it. While only Negroes are hog-cutters, anyone can be a hot dog, though Latin players have a sort of monopoly in the field. "You automatically assume any Latin is a hot dog until he proves himself otherwise," says a white player. Another white word is flaky. It means eccentric. Occasionally, Negroes and whites will share the use of an expression. One that is shared reflects poorly on mother love, and a few years ago, a Cub—a white, by the way—used it so freely that he caused a semantic crisis. National League President Warren Giles was so distraught over the player's use of the expression that he sent a memo to each club forbidding its use, particularly against umpires, under pain of a \$500 fine. In his memo Giles noted that the expression had been recently introduced into baseball. A Negro player saw this and nudged a buddy, saying proudly, "That means we brought it." The players were faced with the considerable problem of what to use instead.

Negroes and whites debated the point. "What are you going to say if the umpire is one?" asked a player plaintively. Finally the Negroes decided upon two substitutes: "You're one of those things!" and "You're \$500 worth!"

Race itself is responsible for much slang. Among the Negro players, whites are called nays (generally shortened to fays), gray boys, paddies, then people, then people, the otherside, squares, triangles and blow-hair boys. Why triangle? "A triangle is a square in search of a corner," said a Negro player. Why blow-hair boy? "When the wind blows, your hair moves and mine doesn't."

Among themselves, Negro players



SOLOGIST E. Franklin Frazier of Howard University believes that baseball players, unlike entertainers, usually reflect the attitudes of U.S. middle-class society.

refer to one another as scoobs (derogatory), skookies (also derogatory), Indians and club members. The last is much in favor. "We'll get into a town and look around and not see many Negroes, and I might say, 'Hm, this looks like a poor place for club members,'" a Negro player said.

"How is St. Louis for club members?" I asked, expecting a negative reaction because of the city's southern touch.

"A good town for club members. Lot of club members there."

"And Milwaukee?"

"That's a lousy town for club members. But that's a lousy town for anybody."

Other expressions used by Negroes to denote a Negro are Number Two and M Two. The latter is a corruption of the former. Why Number Two? "Well, we're not number one!" By using a sort of backward logic, Negroes are now starting to call whites Number One. A word used only by Negro players is road. It means another Negro player, usually but not necessarily on the same team. It is supposed to be short for road buddy, and it was in vogue while I was on the Mexican barnstorming tour. "Hey, road, what's doing?" was a common greeting. Road is of recent vintage. "I called a guy road," says a

redwood

Negro player, "and he thought I said rogue and he got mad." Earl Robinson, a Dodge bonus player who was with St. Paul in the American Association last year, says that when the season began only Negroes on the Saints used road. Then it began to spread. "Once I was standing on second base after a pretty good double," he says, "and the second baseman on the other team said, 'Hey, road, where did you get all that power from?'"

According to Earl Robinson, Negro slang is freely minted in the minors. He and the other Negroes at St. Paul began calling one another berries. In short order, one player became young berry, another old berry and so on. Thus old berry might come into the clubhouse and shout, "Hey, young berry, where's this berry?" Young berry would reply, "Don't know, old berry. Might be with fat berry." Other slang in use at St. Paul was three bells for 300. To hit the ball "full in the face" or "hit on it" was to hit the ball hard. In night games a Negro batter going for the long ball would say of the opposing pitcher, "I'm going to hit this guy in the right somewhere," or "I'm going the right with him." Earl Robinson is of the opinion that "most Caucasian ballplayers are not aware that these things are going on." (Jackie Robinson seemingly doesn't believe that they are going on. I saw Robinson at the conclusion of my research, and he disagreed with a number of things I said I had learned. When, for instance, I told him that two Negro players could have a conversation in front of a white and the white wouldn't know what they were talking about, he said, "I don't believe that.")

Negro players joke about race in veiled terms in front of whites. When the Giants fielded seven Negroes in one day, the Negro players on the opposing bench joked, "Look at that big cloud rolling toward us! It's got to rain today!" and "Look at those mul-lion men. Be more hog-cutting than you can shake a stick at. They can't do right!" In a situation like this, a Negro player says, "all the colored guys will be laughing, and the whites won't know anything about it. And we feel that's the way it should be."

If there are no whites around at all, the language will be even stronger. But let a white player make a racial remark to a Negro, and the Negro will fight. Early last year Cardinal Manager Solly Hemus, then still active as a player, was hit by a ball thrown by Bennie Daniels, a Negro pitcher on the Pirates. Hemus called Daniels a black bastard, and a fight started. Afterward Hemus apologized and explained that he had only been trying to steam up his team, then

because he is southern, he is going to try to keep trouble down. He's more cautious of what he has to say." Fans in the stands give no cause for complaint. "I can't honestly say that anyone has called me a name," Newcombe says. "Oh, they've called me a big bum, but that's an honest opinion, and the fan who yelled that may be a hell of a fan."

A peculiar thing about the Negro-white relationship off the field is that if the Negro offers the invitation (and



NEGRO SCOUT Jack Robinson used a Cuban "bundes man" to lure Minors. Minors.



CUBAN MINOR, once in the U.S., proved a fiery and fiery exception.

linguishing in last place. From then on, whenever Hemus saw Daniels, he would go out of his way to praise Daniels' pitching. Daniels, I understand, would have none of it. "Thank you, little Faubus," he would say, walking on. "Hemus should have known better," says a Negro player. "Hell, a white guy can't say a thing like that. Now if I roomed with Daniels that's probably the first thing I'd call him when I woke up in the morning."

Negroes don't care if a white player avoids them. "I'm not up here to make friends," says Harry Simpson. "I'm here to play baseball. Any team I've been on, I've made friends. But maybe a guy doesn't want to be friends. Well, it's a free country, and that's his privilege." A number of Negro players say they generally get along better with white Southerners than Northerners. "The southern white knows he has to play with you," says Don Newcombe, "and

this is not common), the white is likely to accept, but if the white offers the invitation the Negro is unlikely to accept. For example, Jim Brosnan, a white pitcher on Cincinnati, sits in the bullpen with Brooks Lawrence. They discuss race, progressive jazz (in which they have a mutual interest), religion—in short, any subject that happens to come up. Yet when Brosnan invited Lawrence to a party at his home in a Chicago suburb, Lawrence refused. "Brooks said he couldn't make it," Brosnan said. "He said, 'Don't bug me about it.'" Later I asked Lawrence why he had rejected Brosnan's invitation. "The basic reason," he said, "goes back long before baseball. It's our environment. If white people come bearing gifts you're leary. It's probably your subconscious, but you're wondering if the invitation is real. What's his reason? Why? You wonder, 'Why's he doing this? What's he want?'"

There are other factors which keep

the Negro from intimate association with the white. One is woman. "We're playing with fire with that," said a Negro player, "and we all know it." Players who have played with fire have been sent down. Tension is another factor. "You don't realize the problems we have," a Negro player said. "You can go anywhere, do anything, but we have terrible tensions. We feel good among our own people. What bothers me is when I, well, pay taxes for something like a school, and

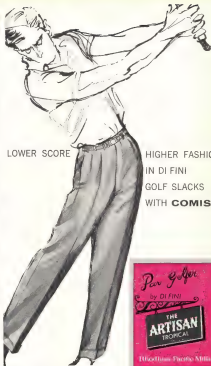


BEAVER LATEL, Felix Martinez of Milwaukee, is friendly to U.S. Negroes.

I can't go there." The player quoted here said frankly that he had "a chip on my shoulder this wide"—he held his hands about a foot apart—about the race problem. "What annoys me most is to see a Negro woman with a white man," he said.

At times he felt the race problem to be such an intolerable burden that he purposely avoided whites, even in his home town. "Sure I've had invitations to speak," he said, "but these people didn't know me before. Now that I'm a major league ballplayer they want me. But I won't go. I stay with my people. I go down to Pine Street and see my friends, my people. Some are poor, and some may drink, but they're my people and my friends. It's a funny thing, but in any Negro section I've ever been in, there's a Pine Street. Always a Pine Street. That's where I go when I'm home. You know, I really didn't know I was a Negro until I was in junior high

continued



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NEGRO BALLPLAYERS

school. Before, when someone had a birthday party, we'd have it in our home room, and everybody would know. But in junior high school I noticed that I didn't know about the birthday parties any more, and that at the school dances they were on one side and we were on the other."

Another Negro player said that he "found out what it was to be a Negro" when he was 5. "Each class was having a basketball team," he said, "and so I brought in 50¢ for uniform money. But the teacher said, 'Oh, we're not letting colored play this year.' I'll tell you, I weiled. There were two high schools in town, one mostly white and one mostly colored. I chose the colored one, and I played every sport I could." "How did you do against the whites?" I asked. "I wrecked them," he said.

THE NEGRO ADVANTAGE

I found this an interesting answer. Writing in 1948 on "The Supremacy of the Negro Athlete in White Athletic Competition," in *The Psychoanalytic Review*, Dr. Laguard Holloman of Provident Hospital in Chicago gave revenge, compensation and a desire to identify with the white race as the reasons for the Negro athlete's success. It is nonsense to attribute the success to anything physical. American Negroes are a mixture of Negro, Indian and white stock, principally British, and while they differ from whites in some respects—they are, for example, less heavily bearded—they have no physical characteristic that gives them an advantage over white athletic competitors.

Today this player has what might be called a conciliatory attitude toward whites, though he is wary on occasion. "I have the most interesting life in the world," he said. "Why? Just being a Negro. I know that when I wake up in the morning and look in the mirror I have a challenge. Where can I find the humor in it—that's what I try to do. It's so ridiculous you have to find the humor in it. If you didn't you'd go crazy."

On occasion, Negro and white players will attempt to bridge the gulf of race by kidding about it in almost bizarre fashion. "We sit around the clubhouse and joke about the Ku Klux Klan, which isn't a joke at all to a Negro," says a Negro player.

"Things like that ease tension."

If Negro players have any complaints about the majors they are: 'Lack of advertising endorsements. "Negro players shave, too." ' Having their lockers all in a row in the clubhouse. "It seems that clubhouse attendants stress 'togetherness' too much. They keep us all together too much."

Training in the segregated South. The Negro players realize the clubs have huge investments in their physical plants, but it galls them to suffer the indignities of segregation. Many refuse to bring their wives. "The first thing I thought of when I was traded," says a player, "was not the club I was going to, but the fact that they trained in Florida. I don't care for Florida." One player told me he planned to hold out this spring so he could "miss three weeks of Florida." The feeling that they have to be "better" than the white players to stay. "If two players are the same, and one is white and one is colored, and one has to go, nine out of 10 times the colored guy will be the guy." Comparative statistics for hitters bear this out. In 1958 the average Negro major league driver in 46 runs, hit 11 homers and batted .282.

A side to this the Negro player doesn't always see is the outright discrimination against him as a player. American League clubs have generally been slower than National League clubs to take Negroes. (Of the 57 Negroes in the majors last year, 41 played in the National League, and surely the National League is the stronger for this.) "I haven't been told not to take Negroes," a scout for an American League club told me. "The only thing is, you want a good one. Know what I mean? There's still a little taint. Know what I mean?" Lower, much lower, bonuses. Earl Robinson got "in excess of \$50,000" from the Dodgers, but he's a rarity. "I signed for \$4,000," says a player, "and if I'd have been white, I could have signed for \$30,000 or maybe \$40,000. A lot of white ballplayers I played with in high school got far more than I did, and I was twice the ballplayer they were."

Even the laiciest front offices admit the Negro hasn't got the big bonus. "If the kid were another Willie Mays, yea," says one farm supervisor. "But generally we would have to think

(continued)

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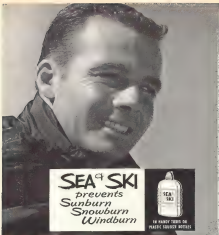
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NEGRO BALLPLAYER continued

twice about a big bonus. There's a limited number of places he can play, and so it's harder to develop him. Negroes can't play in the Southern Association or the Alabama-Florida League. If I went to make a working agreement with a club in either league, I would be told they can't take Negro players."

"Do minor league clubs that take Negroes have a quota?" I asked.

"Well, there's no strict quota, but you'll be told by a certain town, 'Don't bring in more than four. That's about all we can handle.' Or, 'Two is about the saturation point here.' Of course that's sometimes due to the fact that there may be only one Negro family in town that could board them."

SYMBOL OF ACHIEVEMENT

Away from baseball, Negro major leaguers have a higher standing in their own communities than white players do in theirs. The minimum major league salary is \$7,500 a year, and only 1/4 of 1% of the U.S.'s 17 million Negroes make more than \$5,000 a year. "The Negro ballplayers have become symbols of achievement, symbols of Negro participation in a white world," Professor Frazier says, "and with their high incomes and conspicuous consumption they are an important part of the bourgeoisie elite."

Negro ballplayers are much on the mind of the Negro in general, and at times they are regarded with awe, even though a big name will no longer "sell" a business. When Don Newcombe walked into a faculty cafeteria at Howard, everyone arose except for a professor of anthropology who didn't know who Newcombe was. (After he found out he still refused to stand up. Later he complained to Frazier, "Imagine professors standing up for a ballplayer!")

Frazier places aspers, with baseball in the lead, as the No. 1 topic of conversation among Negroes, and in *Black Bourgeoisie*, his study of the Negro middle class, he reports: "Once the writer heard a Negro doctor who was prominent 'socially' say that he would rather lose a patient than have his favorite baseball team lose a game. This was an extreme expression of the relative value of professional work

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NEGRO BALLPLAYED *continued*

and recreation among the black bourgeoisie. It also is indicative of the values which many Negro professional men and women, including college professors, place upon sports.

"Except when they are talking within the narrow fields of the professions, their conversations are generally limited to sports—baseball and football. They follow religiously the scores of the various teams and the achievements of all the players. For hours they listen to the radio accounts of sports and watch baseball and football games on television."

White Sociologist Wilson Record of Sacramento State College says that when he was doing field research in Chicago several years ago Negroes who played the numbers game, an illegal lottery based on pari-mutuel returns at race tracks, would keep tabs on a special box *The Chicago Daily Defender* carried listing the batting averages of all Negro hitters. "From this," says Record, "they would get a number to play."

THE HOUSE OF SATAN

Unlike some Negro entertainers who show what Sociologist Philip Rief of the University of California calls "the most dismal readiness to express hostility to the bulk of the Negro world below them," the ballplayers are generally "race" men. "The Negro players do accept responsibility as race men," Mal Goode says. "Fifteen of them are buying or already have bought life memberships in the NAACP. That's \$500. Also many of them have made special contributions to the NAACP. When the NAACP was fighting in the Supreme Court, the NAACP would send telegrams asking players for money. I've only heard one [Negro] ballplayer make a derogatory remark. He said, 'Don't you think the NAACP stirs up trouble?' I said, 'Do me a favor. Never say anything like that again.'"

Frazier is not surprised at the ballplayers being race men. "A baseball player is attached to conventional worlds," he says. "An entertainer isn't." As he sees it, the entertainer dwells in "the house of Satan," so to speak, where anything goes and lies are besides in the process, but the baseball player doesn't. After all, says Frazier, "baseball is an American sport with American respectability." **END**

SPRING TRAINING: THE FANS RECALL

Sir:

Regarding James Brown's *You Can Consider It Come from Me* (SI, March 7):

TO THE PROFESSOR

SI told Broo was nine and six. But records say, "Nin, die in nia." With St. Louis club last year you see, He was but one while losing three.

For this he wanted 50 G's, Den Binge thought this quite a squeeze, So Broo he gently whittled down, Then later swapped him out of town.

Ole Jim has pitched on many mounds, In big league land and minor towns. Still in the record books we see, He never was an MVP.

So could it be our big strong friend, Should drop his glove and hold a pen, And close his printed repartee "Consider pal, it came from me?"

B. W. MCCARTHY

Dallas

Sir:

Mr. Brown may recall Sal Maglie as being bashed out of a spring game into oblivion. I remember him differently.

I remember him as the dark-bearded pitcher who would stride arrogantly from his dugout to purposely taunt my beloved Dodger's very life and limb, by throwing one daster after another.

I also remember him as one of the horses who helped turn back the "unbeatable" in the 1934 World Series.

I remember the look on his face when he was mobbed after getting a Series win for the Dodgers in 1955.

I remember him as the National League's most colorful pitcher and would pay a dear price to hear his name and number called once more in the now-legendary Ebbets Field or Polo Grounds.

FRANK MOYR

Chicago

Sir:

Big Jim is a far better and more effective writer than he is a ballplayer. Maybe his "\$20,000 sprinkel of success" would become reality more quickly and more often if he gave up trying to put the ball over the plate and concentrated on putting words down on paper. But not about baseball, please!

JERRY G. FRIEDMAN

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

For real baseball fans your article by Jim Brown on spring training was about the most interesting I've read.

ROBERT L. MYER

Cincinnati

SPRING TRAINING: NOBODY'S AGE-OLD AG

Sir:

My congratulations to Artist Marc Simon and Sports Illustrated for a terrific job of capturing the look and feel of spring training (SI, March 7). Truly excellent work.

During a 14-year sportswriting period I have been called upon numerous times to talk about what spring training is really like. You have provided the perfect illustrations for my future remarks on this pleasant topic.

I also enjoyed reading Artist Simon's conclusion about spring training camps: rarely, "Nobody appears to be misbehaved." This gives me the choice of sides. It's an easy choice too, for here's one spot where everybody is really young at heart.

BOB WOLFF

Washington, D.C.

HORSE-RACING: PRESIDENTIAL SPORT

Sir:

You quote former President Harry Truman as saying of Bushwhacker that he began going to horse races with his father when he was 5 (Evens & Ducommun, Feb. 29). On TV from Hialeah he said he attended a horse race for the first time in St. Louis when he was 38, bet \$5 on a mudder and won. Mr. Truman was also quoted by you as saying that while President he had no time to go to the races.

The Presidents who did attend the races: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, John Quincy Adams, Lincoln (who judged horse races), Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Teddy Roosevelt, Harding and perhaps others. Madison did not attend the races but he once owned part of a race horse.

JACK LEVEL

Einkharst, N.Y.

WINTER OLYMPICS: AFTERTHOUGHTS

Sir:

I am greatly disturbed over the results of the Winter Olympics just held in California. I get tired of our country as often taking second, third or fourth place, when I really feel we have the capabilities of standing higher on the totem pole. I do not like to see the U.S. being content with taking these defeats somewhat lying down. If we could have won these Olympics, it would have been a real stimulant to our morale. Being defeated might be a stimulant if our real ambition is to do better in the future.

Are our amateur regulations an improper penalty against us? I take it there is no such thing as an amateur in the U.S.S.R. or even in many other countries of Europe, and I feel that if this is a fact some of our people who are interested in athletics should work out this complicated question in such a way as to have the

Games really properly competitive. If the rules do not penalize us, we had better wake up, from an athletic standpoint, and do a better job.

C. JARED INGERSOLL

Philadelphia

Sir:

I am writing in regard to the U.S.'s recent showing in the Winter Olympic Games. Although the aggregate team score is not officially recognized it is too important to be ignored. The valuable publicity gained by Russia could have been very easily used in this period when almost everyone is concerned with Russia's superiority in certain fields. Perhaps a re-evaluation of our national effort is needed. If so, I would like to submit the following suggestions:

1) Olympic organization and direction should be centralized under one individual or committee.

2) Financing should be completely or partially covered by the Federal Government.

3) Facilities should be built to give any interested athlete ample opportunity to develop his or her ability.

4) The team that is chosen to represent the U.S. should be given every boost and advantage available within the bounds of amateurism.

These and other suggestions would undoubtedly have to be re-evaluated before they could be adopted, but the principle behind them will remain, and it is every citizen's duty to see that our country makes its best effort in the Olympics or whatever it does.

DUMER THOMPSON

Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

You've given me three issues to treasure always—those in which you covered the Winter Olympics (SI, Feb. 15, 28, March 7). This was truly the show of shows. And you really captured the Olympic philosophy in your last report. We don't care who you are or where you came from; if you are willing to work hard enough, sacrifice enough, and possess enough courage and spirit to become the best in the world, we'll stand up and cheer your greatness. (Even if we have to swallow a lump in our throats, eh? Oh, those folks by Rite, Fines, and the Little Aquarian speed skater! Too bad we can't seem to remember in the interval between the Games that the world is made up of individuals. The size of nations or teams or reputations doesn't mean a thing when the contest is run to man. And isn't it always, ultimately?

ARLING LAMBERT

Rosenau, Mont.

continued



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1978 HOLE continued

Sins:

Three hearty huzzas to Morten Lund (Everts & Devereaux, March 7). The graphic, eye-opening account of his impetuous, perhaps planned leap from the top of Squaw Peak left me breathless from laughter. He deserves a medal.

NICK HUNTER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

MOCKINGBIRDS: IT'S DIFFERENT HERE

Sins:

John O'Reilly's article on mockingbird trouble in the North (*Birds from the South*, 81, March 7) is so doubt accurate, but that problem can be solved much easier than our trouble with the wanderers from the North who are giving us more trouble in south Texas than the nightingales give our forebears. Surely the mockers are tough, and these birds are fighting for survival because they are insect and berry eaters and are desperately grabbing for substitutes. But they will ignore seeds and grains, and the birds who like these items can die in years. But if the mockers do survive and nest in Bucks County let the natives watch out for their nests, because their very lives will be in danger if they molest the young of the mockingbirds. But the North will get its reward for tolerance when the mockers warm up and sing with a range and variety which will make the resident birds sound like a stack of record of a ten-age idol compared to a Met soprano.

But pity the poor South, if our area is typical, because the North's red, red robin has not come bouncing along with all of its well-known charm. Literally tens of thousands of them are descending in huge droves on our beautiful berry bushes and have stripped them clean; they rose by the thousands in our live oak trees, above our pastures and swimming ponds, and they leave a sight which is horrible to view and nearly impossible to erase or to stay near. Some of our citizens have used Roman candles and firecrackers to try to disperse these beautiful birds from bawling in droves in nearby trees, but their efforts have been unsuccessful so far. The starting problem in the crisis is nothing to the problem of those residents whose yards have been selected by the robins, and it must be said that the robins know the best.

Isn't it strange that the very individual bird which you will cherish in the North next spring can be giving so much trouble while it is traveling this winter? While many are looking forward to "the first robin," we are looking forward to the last.

CURTIS GERRON

San Antonio

Sins:

Things are different here in Maryland from what they seem to be in Bucks County, Pa. For years now we have given aid and sustenance to the clever and ornamental mockingbird, and our findings are quite different from those in Mr. O'Reilly's article. Our mockingbird will dive-bomb starlings and drive them out of sight, but he is never aggressive toward

our chickadees, nuthatches, titmice, cardinals and other desirable denizens of the feeder. In fact, he despises sunflower seed, the staple of the aforementioned feathered brethren, preferring peanut butter. The birds that really give us trouble are the evening grosbeaks and the purple finches. Both species are quite plucky and will sit in the feeder and eat and eat and eat, until nothing is left, while the other birds rather helplessly about, hoping for a chance at the seed. We could hope that the mockingbird would drive these non-nepolelites off, but he is not interested in chasing anything but starlings.

One correction: the mockingbird is related to the catbird, but he is not the same size, being larger and more beautiful as well.

We like our mockingbirds, but anyone is welcome to the grosbeaks and finches.

DAVID T. DAVIS

Cumberland, Md.

Sins:

I guide to discover that some rail has imported a European robin to North America (Everts & Devereaux, Feb. 15). People who dabble with the ecology like that should be sent down a bobbed rail, sans bobbed. It is just this sort of "bird lovers" who brought us the English sparrow blight. And others of the same ilk have brought us some lovely little beetles from Japan.

Steps should be taken posthaste to keep such "Newport apartments" off Vermont, with the advent of interplanetary travel, lest they find something that likes people too much. There is more danger in such things as the Van Allen ecology meddling to interplanetary travel than the Van Allen belt.

DICK WOLFE

Waterloo, Iowa

BRIDGE: N.Y. VS. L.A. VIA CHICAGO

Sins:

We were amused by the letters to the Editor by Ivan Ertos of Los Angeles and Ira Brail of New York (SI, Feb. 8 and 29) attesting the merits of bridge players of their home cities.

We do not correct the sincerity of their comments to the effect that they consider the best bridge to be played in their cities. However, instead of these two cities battling for first place, they should spar for second, since there is no question in any intelligent bridge player's mind that the best bridge is played in Chicago.

While it is not necessary to back up our statement, we should be happy to extend the hospitality of our city to representative teams for the purpose of proving our point.

Mr. Brail's letter suggested home and home matches between 12 or 16 players from Los Angeles and New York to be held in the aforementioned cities immediately before or after the Burner and Winter National tournaments.

Our suggestion is that the teams from New York and Los Angeles stop on route to or from the Burner and Winter Nationals as our guests in Chicago overnight during which time a three-teams-of-four match would be played under American

Contract Bridge League supervision.
I am looking forward to the matches
in Chicago.

ROBERT S. HENNINGSEN
President

Chicago Contract Bridge Association
Chicago

SOCCER: A PLACE IN THE SUN

Sir:

Soccer—that's why I'm writing. Do
you know an international league is being
formed this spring in New York?

Will you please publish the schedule,
at least? I know it would be asking too
much for you to do an article on this
event. After all, it is only a minor sport,
played in every country under the sun,
and outdrawing spectatorship any and
every sport known to man.

Does this sound like a completely un-
biased opinion?

JAMES TAYLOR

Manchester, Conn.

● Soccer has indeed gained a new
foothold on U.S. shores. William D.
Coe, founder of the International
Soccer League (19TH HOLE, Nov. 9)
has announced that the new league
will kick off on May 25 with its first
game at New York's Polo Grounds.
Successive games will alternate be-
tween the Polo Grounds and Roose-
velt Stadium and will wind up on
August 4 when the winners of each
section will play for the cup. Here is
the schedule. —ED.

SECTION 1

May 25 Germany vs. Scotland
May 26 New York vs. Ireland
May 28 New York vs. England
May 29 Scotland vs. Ireland
June 1 Germany vs. England
June 2 New York vs. Scotland
June 4 France vs. Ireland
June 5 England vs. Ireland
June 8 Germany vs. France
June 11 France vs. Scotland
June 13 Germany vs. Ireland
June 16 New York vs. France
June 18 England vs. Scotland
June 22 New York vs. Germany
June 25 France vs. England

SECTION 2

July 2 Yugoslavia vs. Austria
July 3 New York vs. Italy
July 6 Sweden vs. Portugal
July 7 New York vs. Austria
July 9 Yugoslavia vs. Italy
July 13 Sweden vs. Austria
July 14 New York vs. Portugal
July 16 Sweden vs. Italy
July 20 New York vs. Sweden
July 21 Yugoslavia vs. Portugal
July 23 Italy vs. Austria
July 27 Italy vs. Portugal
July 28 Yugoslavia vs. Sweden
July 30 New York vs. Yugoslavia
July 31 Portugal vs. Austria

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CLIFFORD AND SUZANNE SUTTER

'Why stay indoors in winter?'

Clifford Sutter won his first, big title, the intercollegiate tennis championship, as a Tulane sophomore 39 years ago. Just the other day, with some smashing help from his wife Suzanne, he captured his latest: the national platform tennis mixed doubles championship. The Sutters' victory came in a fast-growing game which is half tennis, half squash, played in the winter (when tennis courts are apt to be soggy) on fenced wooden courts, with bank shots off the mesh a main tactic. "Why stay indoors in winter

when there's a sport like this?" says Sutter, now a New York advertising executive, who has been playing the game with his wife for 29 years. "It's fast and exerting, yet demands more finesse than strength, so women can play it well."

The Sutters played well indeed in the championship matches at South Orange, N.J. If Cliff was calm, as a four-time national men's doubles winner might well be, Suzanne was plainly thrilled. Said she happily: "I just can't wait to tell the five children."

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YESTERDAY

SOME NON-U PLAY

Edward Mayer, bridge columnist of the London "Times," tells how the ladies drove him to ink

BRIDGE was still strictly a U occupation in the middle '20s. Duplicate had not been born, and the only professionals played for high stakes in the old London clubs. They lived by their wits, but their birth had laid the foundations of their incomes.

Soon after leaving Cambridge with nothing but an arts degree, legal aspirations, and a few straight-grained briar pipes (bought out of my bridge winnings at the university), I joined a cock-and-ben club called The United Berkeley.

The women, who outnumbered the men by three to one, were most frightening. "Table up," one of them shouted across the room at me—a hesitant new boy standing by the fireplace, not knowing how to cut into a table. "Don't you want to play?" And then, in the same breath to one of her opponents, "You're out!" It was my misfortune to cut with this termagant. I had been brought up on the old whist rule of leading from my longest suit, however weak, against no trumps, and when I led from it again (duly giving my opponent his ninth trick), she withered me with the blast, "Don't you ever change your suit?"

One old lady arrived every afternoon like a ship in full sail; she wore skirts that swelled out all round, a well-boned or tightly laced front and a hat with an ostrich-feather plume. This majestic anachronism claimed she could trace her lineage back to King James I. She refused to sit at any but one table or to touch any silver coins which had not been washed and polished. She always carried a

continued

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SOME NON-U PLAY continued

bagful of newly minted florins and shillings, and if she ever won she left the money on the table in front of her to pay for the next rubber. At another table, I once expressed admiration at her appearance, and one of the old rats told me that she kept an antique shop in Kensington. The poor soul was not considered U.

PRICELESS PEARLS

Another old lady, whose name escapes me, was conspicuous for strings of pearls which, her enemies alleged, were given to her by King Leopold II of the Belgians, for services rendered. After dealing, she once took a quick glance at her cards and announced that she had only 12. "Look under the table," said one of her opponents; "the missing card is sure to be there." And it was. As she bent down to pick it up, the opponent remarked casually, "She always does that when she has a bad hand." "Are you accusing me of cheating?" asked King Leopold's friend. "Well," was the reply, "you were thrown out of the Pall Mall Club." "So were you," retorted the other. "But not for cheating," was the final riposte.

My bridge and psychology had now so improved that I elevated myself to a higher tariff. Some of the half-crown players had read books on auction and thought that they could win by orthodox bidding without knowing how to handle the cards. "How are you getting on?" asked a friendly doctor one day. "I have just been massacred," I answered. "My partner made three mistakes in the last hand." "That is nothing," replied the doctor, "my partner made four mistakes to one trick; you work that out."

As a whole, table manners are best where the stakes are highest. Charles Goren noticed that there were no acrimonious post-mortems in the Portland Club, and at The United Berkeley Club, the atmosphere was most serene in the top class. My best early lesson was the reproach of an opponent. He took me aside when I was correcting my partner and said: "Have you ever shouted down a ten-ner?" Since then I have not taught bridge, except on paper; I could not afford to lose both my money and my temper.

—EDWARD MAYER

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